

Sports Illustrated

MAY 18, 1980

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IS SHE THE GENUINE ARTICLE? The Preakness, which will include (rough new) opposition in Corder and Colonel Moran, will show if the fabulous My, Kentucky Derby winner Genuine Risk, is a real Triple Crown threat. Bill Nack reports from Pimlico.

LES CANADIENS BEING FINIS, the Stanley Cup soon will have a new home in the U.S. after spending the last four years locked in Montreal's trophy case. E.M. Swift covers the action as Philadelphia and the Islanders shoot it out in the final round.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The Writing Is on the Wall, John Underwood's special report on academics and athletics, which begins on page 36, is the result of exclusive research covering schools and colleges all over the country and topics as diverse as students' reading scores in 1928 and educational abuses revealed as recently as a few weeks ago. For illustrations as wide-ranging as the text, Art Director Richard Gangel called on Ivan Powell, a 43-year-old New York artist whose work has appeared in *Esquire*, *Redbook* and *World Tennis*.

By way of research for his opening illustration—of a forlorn athlete in a graffiti-covered playground—Powell returned to a boyhood haunt in the shadow of the Polo Grounds. "I used to play basketball and handball there," he says. "Now the area has turned into a ghetto. I felt very uncomfortable—like a visitor to a poor country—but I was struck by images."

"The athlete in the drawing is based on an old photo of me. And the picture of the jock crucified on a football (page 62) is also something I can relate to. I was a sprinter at the High School of Music and Art in Manhattan. The coach wanted us to dedicate ourselves to track, but we carried a very heavy class load, and one day it came down to either finishing a painting or going to practice. I finished the painting, and the coach got on me the next day. He said, 'You're an athlete, not a scholar.' That's the last time I ran track."

"Actually, artists and athletes have much in common. Both face pain and commitment—hours and hours of it. Both can get tunnel vision about what they're doing and miss out on other experiences. And both suffer from type-casting. I'm very outspoken, and sometimes when I say something outrageous, people will react as if to say, 'Oh, it's because he's an artist.'"

Though he gave up track, Powell didn't abandon athletics. During the 14 years he worked in art studios or taught illustration at Syracuse University—he now is well enough established to make his living as a free-lancer—he began dabbling in race-car driving, tennis, golf, sailing and darts. "I can't work unless I'm fit," says Powell, who gets by on three or four hours sleep a night. "Shooting baskets keeps me fresh. When I was at Syracuse I found eight courts, side by side, on top of a hill. No one was ever there and I used to play by myself, sometimes as the sun would be setting. It was very inspiring." He prefers solitary activities, but basketball remains his special passion, and he is an avid Knicks fan. "I still have the fantasy of being called upon to go in and score the winning basket," he says.

Powell and his agent, Jacqueline Delli, share a converted loft in Greenwich Village, and their apartment is nothing if not eclectic: wood sculptures by Powell, some 300 bottles of wine, several dozen exotic plants and a greenhouse filled with parrots, parakeets and

doves. Nonetheless, Powell finds it easy to immerse himself in his work. "You can be socially aware, you can interpret, you can change or heighten reality," he says. "But you're constantly wrestling with the problem: How can I make this beautiful, how can I make this exciting?"

In his illustrations in this week's issue, we feel Powell has done both.



ARTIST IVAN POWELL: A RETURN TO HIS HOME COURT

Robert F. Sutton

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Young Golfers of Illinois Get ready for New Haven in August Enter the Insurance Youth Classic now!



Local tournaments throughout Illinois will be played in late May and June. For entry blanks and more information, contact the independent insurance agent from your area listed below.

Low qualifiers from the local tournaments will advance to the Insurance Youth Classic State Tournament at Rend Lake Golf Club in Sesser, Illinois, July 8-9, 1980.

The low qualifiers from the State Tournament will advance to the National Insurance Youth Classic, which will be held August 8-12, 1980 at the Yale University Golf Course in New Haven, Connecticut.

ELIGIBILITY: If you are between the ages of 12 and 17 and will not reach your 18th birthday before August 1, 1980, you are eligible. The tournament is open to both male and female golfers.

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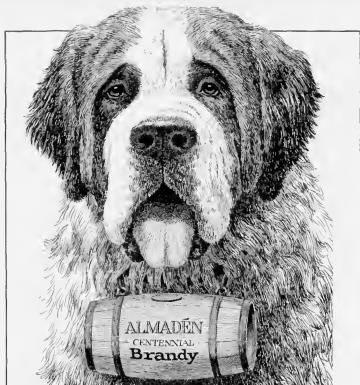
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Almadén Brandy, Kingsburg,
California Brandy, 80 proof



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It's our young adult estate policy.* For an annual payment of \$46.50 you can purchase \$10,000

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Now, here is the really good part. Although there's no cash surrender value on this term policy, it automatically converts to permanent insurance when she's 25. By then, she'll probably be making it on her own. And she'll be willing and able to deal with the higher rates that give her whole life coverage and build cash value.

She can even add more and more permanent insurance at pre-selected ages. Her estate grows as she does, protecting her the rest of her life. And no physical examination is ever required. (Neither of these statements is necessarily true of the Latin Hustle.)

Today your child might not appreciate this plan you're building for her. But (as you very well know) the older you get, the more costly buying life insurance can get. And someday she'll understand that, too. Then she'll think you're even foxier than Mr. Rudolf.

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If you have any doubts, take a quick run to The Athlete's Foot[®] store near you.

Because at The Athlete's Foot we specialize in making sure you wear what's right for just about any sport you can name. And that depends on a lot of things: the way you're built, the way you play, the surface you play on.

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carry only the top makes, the best-constructed shoes money can buy.

So if you want to feel sure about the shoes you buy, remember this: Nobody knows the athlete's foot like The Athlete's Foot.

We feel confident about fitting runners with Saucony shoes, particularly serious runners. For total foot stability, consider Saucony's new TC-84, the only running shoe with a dual-lacing system for both forefoot and rearfoot control.

Racing? Check The Silver Streak, Saucony's lightweight racing model that weighs only 203 grams—great for competitive running. For routine runs, try Saucony's Trainer 1980, with slip-last construction and carbon rubber outsole—a favorite with people who look for flexibility, long wear and comfort.



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The Athlete's Foot.

FOR ALL SERIOUS RUNNERS
Silver Streak TC-84 Trainer 1980

Motor Trend Magazine named the Honda Civic as its Import Car of the Year. It's simple to see why.

It's always nice to win awards. Especially when it's one like Motor Trend's Import Car of the Year competition. And although we're normally modest by nature, it really is simple to see why Motor Trend magazine chose our most popular carline. In ten basic tests, the 1980 Honda Civic GL came out on top no less than six times.

(It came second in the other four categories. Second that is, to the Rover 3500 and the Audi 4000.)

What was it that impressed the judges so much?

Our gas mileage for one thing. A quick glance at the mileage box on the next page will tell you why.

Then came braking tests. It was reassuring to find that the Civic stopped in the shortest distance from both 30 and 60 mph.



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SPEED, AND TRIP LENGTH.
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WILL PROBABLY BE LESS.
FIGURES LOWER FOR CALIF.
AND HIGH ALTITUDE CARS.

Thirteen percent more interior space and twenty percent more win-
dow space than last year's model obviously helped the 1980 Civic shine
through in the passenger comfort and convenience tests.

Ride and drive tests were just as favorable. Not surprising when you
consider the Civic has front-wheel drive, rack and pinion steering and
improved four wheel independent suspension.

Dollar value, quality and styling and design trials also pushed our car
into number-one slot. Obviously things like wall-to-wall carpeting, a
lower hatch opening for easier loading, a redesigned instrument panel
and electronic ignition make a big difference, even to experienced
drivers like the magazine judges.

All in all then, a great day for what Motor
Trend thought was a great car.

In fact, we'll let them have the last
word. "Agile, responsive, fast, hand-
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No matter how great your expecta-
tions, the new Civic will ex-
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it tastes good unmixed.

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VIEWPOINT

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

TO SPRAY OR NOT TO SPRAY. THAT MAY BE THE QUESTION FOR OREGON VOTERS

In November there may be an initiative on the Oregon ballot to ban the aerial spraying of certain herbicides on state and privately owned forest lands. Residents of southern Oregon's Applegate River Valley believe that there is a link between the herbicides—used to kill undergrowth that competes with young Douglas fir—and both miscarriages and babies born with brain defects. Drs. Renée Stingham, John Farguhar and Jim Scott, sponsors of a petition to get the initiative on the ballot, need the signatures of 54,669 registered Oregon voters by mid-summer.

The initiative is an upshot of discord this spring between a growing number of Valley residents and the Federal Bureau of Land Management. In April the BLM sprayed sections of the area with the herbicides 2,4-D and atrazine, and the protestors, calling themselves the Applegate Occupation Team, tried to get the spraying stopped.

One of the leaders of the anti-herbicide forces is Bernie Bernstein, 61, a retired real-estate agent from New York who left the city and eventually ended up on Yachats in Lincoln County on the central Oregon coast. Ironically, it was the use of herbicides in that county that prompted him to move to the southern part of the state, where he is now part owner of a trout farm. It is Bernstein's unshakable belief that herbicide spraying will contaminate his water supply and pose a serious health threat to him and the other area residents.

When he learned last January that the BLM planned to spray timberlands in the Applegate River Valley, Bernstein filed an appeal with the Department of the Interior's Board of Land Appeals in Arlington, Va. When the BLM decided to go on with the spraying before the appeal was resolved, Bernstein decided to resist.

He believes in peaceful civil disobedience and constantly reminds his followers that there must be absolutely no violence in their protest. As an alternative to the spraying, he and other members of the Applegate Occupation Team offered to cut brush and grass by hand at the spray sites for the next three years, at no cost to the BLM. "We can do a better job than they can," Bernstein argues, "and it won't cost them a cent." George Francis, district manager of the BLM, turned down Bernstein's offer, calling it untested, but groups of protesters began work at two of the timber units anyway.

Francis represents an agency that was cre-



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ated in 1946 and is charged with, among other things, ensuring a permanent source of timber through controlled harvest and reforestation. Herbicides are regarded by the BLM as necessary tools in accomplishing this end, and as might be expected, the private timber interests that cut the trees on BLM land and the chemical industry that manufactures herbicides support this view.

Neither the BLM nor the chemical companies dispute the fact that 2,4-D and atrazine—and all other herbicides—are toxic. But they do claim that, when used properly, the herbicides aren't hazardous to humans. And they argue that evidence to the contrary is not strong, even though the Lincoln County Medical Society recently requested a ban on herbicide spraying in the area after reviewing the effects of 2,4-D on animals. In addition, physicians Renée and Chuck Stringham have identified an epidemic of brain defects among infants in the county. Herbicide proponents argue that there is no hard scientific evidence that relates any of the brain-damage cases to herbicide use.

A major study of the long-term health effects of chronic exposure to 2,4,5-T was conducted on production workers at the Monsanto Company's Nitro, W. Va. plant, where 2,4,5-T was manufactured from 1948 to 1969. (Herbicide 2,4,5-T is a cousin of 2,4-D and the two are components of Agent Orange. The registration of 2,4,5-T for use on forest land was suspended by the EPA after reports of unexplained miscarriages surfaced in an Oregon spray area.) The Monsanto plant survey was sponsored by the United Steelworkers union and conducted by the Environmental Sciences Laboratory at Mount Sinai Medical Center in New York City. The results are being analyzed and will soon be available.

Despite the unsettling evidence, the BLM moved forward with its program to spray 2,4-D in the Applegate River Valley, and protestors continued to resist. In southern Oregon this spring, snow, rain and wind forced the BLM to drag out over a period of weeks a spraying program that would normally have taken only days to complete. The situation resulted in confrontations, demonstrations, arrests, charges and countercharges.

On March 14, the day before the BLM was scheduled to begin its spraying, Bernstein was arrested on trespassing charges when he refused to leave the Bureau's building in Medford at closing time. He was jailed for the night and released.

Bad weather delayed spraying for a week. Then on March 21, after a demonstration, Bernstein and 10 other herbicide opponents were evicted from the BLM headquarters by police. They had offered themselves for arrest, but instead were merely given citations. Once outside the building, many tore the citations to shreds and burned them.

The protestors then changed their tactics, continued


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VIEWPOINT continued

concentrating on what they called the Applegate Occupation Effort. Hoping it would halt the spraying, they occupied the forests on which the herbicides were to be used. Ron Cameron, a worker on an organic farm near Grub Gulch, one of the spray sites, estimated that as many as 100 people opposed to the BLM were involved in the protest.

The occupation of the spray sites, along with more bad weather, led to another spraying postponement that lasted until April 1. At 9:30 that morning, Mike Cataldo, a helicopter pilot, sprayed 95 acres along Grouse Creek with 2,4-D.

Sheila Jenkins, one of the protest organizers, claims that at least 15 occupation-team members, Bernstein among them, had been in the timber unit at the time of the spraying. "They intentionally sprayed our people," Jenkins says. But the BLM contends that their observers did not see anyone in the spray area.

According to Jackson County Sheriff's Deputy Dennis Daley, the protestors had been warned to leave the area. He says that it was obvious that the BLM was going to spray, and that if the protestors really believed what they said about herbicides, they would have cleared out.

"They were trespassing," Francis says. "That unit was closed to the public."

"George Francis and Wayne Boden [the assistant district BLM manager] promised there would be no application if people were in the spray area," says Bernstein, who believes as many as eight people were sprayed.

On April 7 Bernstein requested separate jury trials on his trespass charges of March 14 and 21. On the larger issue, Bernstein conceded defeat. "They've got all the resources, the manpower and the police," he said. "All we've got is the truth."

But things have changed since then. Three of the six Applegate timber units that had been periodically occupied by protestors were sprayed in April, but in late April the BLM canceled plans to spray the other three.

The Grub Gulch site has been set aside by the BLM "for study" because protestors have cleared vegetation with axes and chain saws. The day after the BLM announced the cancellation of the remainder of its spring spraying program, a representative of the Oregon Department of Agriculture and the Federal EPA came to the nearby town of Ruth to interview the protestors who claimed to have been sprayed with 2,4-D on April 1.

Bernstein experiences periods of illness that he attributes to the spraying. But he thinks that now the protest movement will grow. The protestors are hoping to open a permanent office, and the group has now adopted Applegate Occupation Team as a legal business name. And, of course, it has gotten into the legal business of getting an anti-spraying initiative on the ballot.

END

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

FREEDOM

Marvin Miller, executive director of the Major League Baseball Players Association, was offended. Here were Cuban refugees swarming into the U.S., a land that prides itself on maintaining a free market for talent. And here was Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, alerted that there might be some big league prospects among the refugees, warning clubs to refrain, for now anyway, from signing any of them. Which was all Miller needed to hear. "We should readapt the slogan: 'the land of the free—except for baseball,'" he said.

It would be a gross overstatement, of course, to equate the yearnings of major league ballplayers, many of whom are earning small and not-so-small fortunes, with the refugees' quest for freedom. Still, Kuhn's directive played right into Miller's hands—and at a rather awkward moment for baseball's establishment. As Miller and other sports labor organizers never tire of pointing out, owing to amateur drafts, compensation requirements and vestiges of the old reserve system, professional athletes are generally less free to sell their services to the highest bidder than Americans in other professions. It is only because baseball players have succeeded in shedding some of the restraints on their freedom to negotiate in the open market that their salaries have soared in recent years. Conversely, it is largely because the owners want to introduce new restraints, including increased compensation to teams that lose the services of free agents, that the players have set their May 23 strike deadline. Last week, even as Kuhn was acting on the Cuban situation, the owners and Miller's union resumed their long-stalled negotiations in an effort to avert a walkout.

In ruling that clubs not sign Cuban players, Kuhn may be paving the way for putting the Cubans under the same constraints imposed on home-grown American prospects, who are divided up by the clubs in amateur drafts. Ironically, players from Puerto Rico, the Dominican Re-

public and other Latin baseball hotbeds aren't subject to drafts but are free to bargain with more than one club.

Of necessity, Cuba has long been a special case. After Fidel Castro assumed power in 1959, the flow of talent from that country to the U.S. was cut off. When Castro invited the New York Yankees to play on his island in 1977, Kuhn vetoed the trip, expressing fear that the Yankees might otherwise gain an unfair advantage in scouting and signing Cuban talent. That was the same rationale officially given for last week's action, but Murty Appel, a spokesman for the commissioner, acknowledged to SI's Robert Sullivan that Kuhn's pronouncement also was meant to prevent a costly bidding war for Cuban players. Appel said that a draft expressly for Cubans might eventually be set up.

Kuhn's hastily imposed moratorium made it difficult to say for sure whether there actually are bona fide big league prospects among the refugees. Before the commissioner intervened, Cincinnati scout George Zuraw visited a refugee encampment in Florida to check out some 30 players, including Second Baseman Julio Soto and Catcher Rogelio Medina-villa, both of whom have played at the top level of Cuban baseball. It was a poignant scene. Going through their paces on a field overgrown with crabgrass, the Cubans, some of them barefoot, scooped up ground balls, ran timed sprints and took cuts at Zuraw's pitching, a fence serving as an improvised backstop. Hundreds of other refugees watched and cheered.

Zuraw said that several of the Cuban players "looked all right," but added, "I'd like to see some of these guys under better conditions." However, following Kuhn's directive, the Cincinnati brass said it wouldn't pursue the Cubans further. But the memory of Zuraw's unique scouting trip will linger. From the standpoint of public relations, to say nothing of humanity, it stands in sharp contrast to Kuhn's attempt to hold down the price on Cuban talent. Zuraw said that during

his hour-long visit with the refugees, he lost two baseball gloves, half a dozen balls and a pair of spikes. "Actually, I happily gave them away," he said. "I even brought extra balls and gloves because I knew what would happen."

A CLASSIC OF ITS KIND

Move over, Boston and New York, and make room for the American Odyssey Marathon in the rolling dairy country of central Wisconsin. Held for the first time last fall, the American Odyssey drew just 89 runners, who were greeted by covered farmers, contented cows and signs on tractors reading WELCOME MARATHONERS. Despite its down-home flavor,



the fact that the race begins in Marathon and ends in Athens gives it an instant and irresistible identity.

Marathon is a town of 1,500 inhabitants that was named in 1849 by W.D. McDoe, a lumber tycoon and member of the Wisconsin legislature. A lover of the Greek classics, McDoe also was instrumental in getting the surrounding territory named Marathon County. Athens, which has 900 souls, is situated 18 miles northwest of Marathon. It was originally called Black Creek Falls, but because it was forever being confused with the larger Wisconsin community of Black River Falls, in 1879 the town acknowledged both its proximity to Marathon and its presence in Marathon County by changing its name to Athens.

Although suggestions had been made over the years that a road race from Marathon to Athens might have a certain allure, it was only last year that the Jaycees in the two towns joined to stage one.

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In recognition of the distance Pheidipides supposedly covered in his Marathon-to-Athens run, they devised a course along county roads and State Highway 107 that, with a detour here and a loop there, measured the requisite 26 miles, 385 yards. The course has several steep inclines that, according to Race Director Gerald Koeller, "make Heartbreak Hill seem like a shrimp." Under the circumstances, says Koeller, last year's winning time (2:33:45) by Jeff Valley of Iron Mountain, Mich. was better than it appears.

Koeller, a bowling alley manager in Athens, is an unabashed booster for Marathon County. "We don't have much major industry around here, and we aren't very well known," he says. "We thought a marathon would let the world know we exist." This year's American Odyssey is scheduled for Sept. 13, and lest the world have any doubt that this particular Marathon-to-Athens race is set in a most unusual locale, Koeller adds, "Marathon County has an Italian sheriff, a Polish-German population and, as far as I know, not a single Greek."

HE'S A TRUE INSPIRATION

It seemed fitting enough when the Cleveland Browns selected Cleveland Crosby, a defensive end from the University of Arizona, in the second round of last month's NFL draft. Given their ambition of finishing ahead of the Steelers in the AFC's Central Division, the Browns were even more pleased when they learned the young man's full name: Cleveland Pittsburgh Crosby.

DOWN, MAYBE NOT OUT

First Notre Dame fails to make college football's Top Ten, then the Montreal Canadiens are bounced from the Stanley Cup playoffs, and now, what's this about Southern Cal's baseball team? Ah yes, the mighty Trojans. In 39 seasons under Coach Rod Dedeaux, USC has won 11 NCAA titles and produced such major league stars as Tom Seaver, Dave Kingman and Bill Lee. Not to mention the 1973 national champions, whose lineup included Fred Lynn, Roy Smalley, Steve Kemp, Rich Dauer, Ed Putman, Randy Scarbery and Pete Redfern, all of whom are currently performing in the American League; the '73 team also had a couple of other players who made it to the big leagues for a spell.

But the just-completed 1980 season

proved to be something else again. Starting out with what Dedeaux called his youngest team ever, USC was weakened by injuries and during one torturous stretch lost nine games in a row. The Trojans got back on track for a while, but lost three straight games to UCLA in a season-ending series last weekend for a final record of 27-24 overall and 13-17 in the Pac-10, their first sub-500 conference showing in 15 years. Nevertheless, an upbeat Dedeaux said, "They'd better beat us this year because this whole club will be back next year and we'll be pretty tough."

These are brave words, but when Dedeaux talks about bouncing back, you'd better listen. A case in point is that talented 1973 team, which somehow managed to lose 11 games (against 40 wins) in the regular season and was being shut out 7-0 on a one-hitter by University of Minnesota Pitcher Dave Winfield going into the ninth inning of a late-round game in the College World Series. Lynn, Smalley & Co. then went to work, and before Winfield and his Gopher teammates knew it, right USC singles, a sacrifice fly and a stolen base, mixed in with an error, a passed ball and a wild pitch by Minnesota, gave Southern Cal an 8-7 win.

All right, Rod, we'll wait till next year.

STAYING PUT

In the 15 months since David R. Foster stepped down as Colgate-Palmolive's chief executive officer, his successor, Keith Crane, has sharply cut back the company's deep involvement in sports, something that Foster had avidly promoted. Under Crane, Colgate has dropped sponsorship of such golf tournaments as the women's European Open and the men's Hall of Fame at Pinehurst as well as the men's tennis Grand Prix. It has also sold off several sports equipment lines, including Leuch (racquetball) and Ram (golf), and reportedly is trying to dispose of its Bancroft tennis subsidiary.

An unanswered question has been whether Crane's broom would also sweep away the Colgate-Dinah Shore LPGA tournament at Palm Springs' Mission Hills course, an event that because of its big prize money and high TV ratings has taken on a significance in women's golf comparable to the importance of the Masters to the men's tour (SI, April 14). Crane had been rumored to favor switching the tournament, which traditionally is played in late winter, to a summer date

that would allow it to be played in the East—and, perhaps not incidentally, far away from Foster, who has a home overlooking Mission Hills' 6th hole. LPGA Commissioner Ray Volpe insisted on retaining the earlier date, which is believed to account for the event's impressive TV ratings, and keeping the tournament in Palm Springs. He also asked for at least a three-year contract.

Win some, lose some. The negotiations are finally over and Crane has agreed only to a one-year contract with an option to renew. But he has consented to leave the tournament when and where it has been during its nine-year history, thereby preserving intact, at least for another year, the LPGA's flagship attraction.

BUZZIE QIVETH, BUZZIE TAKETH AWAY

Just when you thought all the sports promotion possibilities had been exhausted, California Angel Executive Vice-President Buzzie Bavasi has come up with a new one. If he ever gets around to trying it, remember, you read it here first. Bavasi's brainstorm is to proclaim a Dollar Night on which every fan who passes through the turnstiles would receive \$1 in cold cash.

Bavasi's idea may be the ultimate extension of baseball's existing giveaways, such as the Cap Night the Angels recently staged while drawing a sellout crowd of 40,376 for a game against the Mariners. Every paying customer received a baseball cap, and Bavasi, although pleased with the promotion's results, said, "A cap costs us \$1.25. You might as well give everybody a dollar bill. I'd like to try that some time." And why, exactly, would he like to? "Maybe they'd use the money to buy hot dogs and peanuts," Buzzie said. "Then we'd get 35% of it back as our cut from the concession sales."

THEY SAID IT

• Mickey Rivers, Texas outfielder, explaining why he opposes an early-season players' strike: "There are more games in the second half than the first."

• Walt Garrison, former Dallas Cowboy running back, asked whether coach Tom Landry ever smiles: "I don't know. I only played there nine years."

• John McMullen, Houston Astro owner and former limited partner of Yankee boss George Steinbrenner: "Nothing is more limited than being a limited partner of George's."

END

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Sports Illustrated
MAY 19, 1990

TOASTS OF THE



COASTS

In a brilliant East-West showdown the Sixers and the Lakers split the first four games of the NBA finals
by JOHN PAPANÉK



CONTINUED

A secretly prepared, minutely detailed script locked away for eight months in Commissioner Larry O'Brien's safe couldn't have made for a better NBA championship series than the one between the Lakers and 76ers. Glamour team West vs. glamour team East. Coach who quotes Shakespeare vs. Billy the Kangaroo Kid from Brooklyn. Kareem, the unquestioned superstar of the '70s, vs. the Doctor, who wasn't far behind. Magic here, Chocolate Thunder there.

The suspense was even greater than it might have been, because, under the league's new unbalanced scheduling format, East met West only twice this season, with the teams splitting. Thus when the Sixers arrived in Los Angeles last week for the tip-off, there was passionate disagreement over which team was better. Adding fuel to the flames, a poll showed that the 18 NBA coaches whose teams didn't reach the playoff semifinals favored the 76ers, 11-7.

"You're a one-man team," went the Philly line. "Kareem can have his 30, we'll stop all the rest."

"We'll stop Dr. J and all the rest," said L.A. "And what about Magic?"

"Boston's Larry Bird was better," said Philly.

"You guys haven't seen Darryl Dawkins lately," said Philly.

"You mean Chocolate Blunder?" said L.A.

And that wasn't all. Philadelphia thought its Maurice Cheeks was better than L.A.'s Norm Nixon, and L.A. thought its Jamaal Wilkes was, well, almost as good as the good doctor, Julius Erving. Friends of Wilkes claim they've heard him say he is better, and Wilkes himself has said, "Doc doesn't even compare to Elgin Baylor." The Easterners felt that the 76er bench, with Bobby Jones, Henry Bibby and Steve Mix, was as good as any in the league, implying that the Lakers would have to send in such perennial Forum courtiers as Walter Matthan and Jack Nicholson.

And so it went as the Lakers ran off with Game 1, 109-102. Philadelphia came right back to win Game 2, 107-104, and then returned home to the Spectrum and lost, 111-101. That forced the 76ers to stick it up for Game 4, which they did to beat L.A. 105-102. As the teams went back West this week all need up at 2-2, the debate raged on.

The one constant, besides the best basketball to be found this side of Dawkins'

personal planet, Lovetron, was the magnificence of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. His performance in Game 1—33 points, 14 rebounds, six blocked shots, five assists—not only became his standard for the series, but it also proved what he has been saying for years: that the Lakers couldn't win on his shoulders alone. Nixon's 23 points, Wilkes' 20 and Johnson's 16, 10 assists and nine rebounds helped spread the load. So did a double-team defensive job on Erving by Wilkes in combination with Johnson or sixth man Michael Cooper that held Erving to 20 points, took away the Sixer fast break and destroyed what Erving calls "the flow." With jump-switching help by Nixon and Johnson on outside shooters Lionel Hollins, Cheeks and Bibby, there simply was no place to go. If the Sixers were foolish enough to direct their offense into the lane—the area players call "the paint"—Kareem just stepped in and stopped it.

This was made apparent early to Dawkins, who began the game with a "Gorilla Dunk" but soon found himself crawling sheepishly to the bench after a sudden attack of bad hands, offensive fouls, airballitis and the shakes, also known as a Kareeming. Even though his numbers were puny—12 points, three rebounds—Dawkins showed that his verbal game was still intact.

"I ain't afraid to go to the hoop on Kareem," said Dawkins. "But when the refs are calling 'em that way it's a waste of time. I lost my funk."

Erving, at least, understood what had happened to him. "Every time I caught the ball I had two people on me," he said. "First, I forced shots, hoping our four-three advantage would get us the rebound. Then I tried the quick pass. Unfortunately, our guards didn't shoot too well. What can we do? That's something for the coach to figure out and lay on the team."

What Billy Cunningham laid on the Sixers was this: he would keep Dawkins out of foul trouble and more into the offense by freeing him from the responsibility of guarding Abdul-Jabbar. ("How do you stop him?" said Dawkins in response to a question. "Bump him, bite him, step on his foot.") Cunningham gave that job to Caldwell Jones. So, at a very loose between-games practice, Dawkins worked on his long-range jumper.

At the Laker workout, only Spencer Haywood's late arrival caused tension,



It ain't stretching things to say that Doc was up.

compounding the trouble that had been building because Haywood had seemed lackadaisical, even somewhat drowsy, during stretching exercises a few days earlier. This prompted a wry *Los Angeles Times* headline: WILL HAYWOOD BE THE SLEEPER OF THE SERIES?

L.A. Coach Paul Westhead, who once taught Shakespeare at LaSalle, dropped some political science on the Lakers before Game 2. "We want to get the fast break every time," he said. "That's a democracy. Everybody gets the ball. But when we don't run, it's a monarchy. Get it to The Man. If we don't run and we don't get it to Kareem? Then it's an ar-



he touched it. He scored 12 points in the first period on his way to 23. Cheeks, generally an average scorer (11.4 points a game in the regular season), hit his first nine shots and also had 23, and Bobby Jones had 13. But the biggest explosions came from Dawkins, who scored 25 points, 10 from downrange, the rest on layups and a couple of thunderclap jams.

After Philadelphia led by 10 and 18 at the ends of the first two periods and 20 in the fourth, Los Angeles went on a furious 25-7 tear and got to within one at 105-104 after two giant baskets and a blocked shot by Kareem. It would have been an alltime championship choke had

Bobby Jones not canned an eight-foot jumper with seven seconds left.

But Dawkins did most of the postgame talking, as usual. "I was just feeling good," he said. "I had my rhythm and funk together and I kept dropping it through. I know I'm important to this team offensively, but this is the Doc's team. I'm just happy to play on it. The Big Guy owns the other team. I don't want a team. It's a headache."

Down the hall, Westhead was ridding himself of a headache—Haywood, who had been unhappy most of the season over the limited playing time accorded him and had "caused distractions" on the

continued

Magic's sleight of hand held Caldwell Jones and Cheeks at bay and kept L.A. within range in Game 4



chy. Let's see what kind of government we have tonight."

It was anarchy. The Lakers may have been a half step slower, but the 76ers had become the defensive team that destroyed Atlanta and Boston. They took away the Laker fast break and locked it in a closet. The Lakers got it to Kareem all right—he scored 38 points—but the help so evident in Game 1 was absent, until it was too late.

The 76ers played such crackling sharp defense that the Lakers made just eight free throws to Philly's 21. Erving, meanwhile, shook his chains and took the ball right in and over Kareem the first time

bench during Game 2, according to Westhead. In the locker room Haywood flared at his main rival for playing time, Jim Chones. Westhead could tolerate no more, so he suspended Haywood for the rest of the series. That done, Westhead, a Philadelphia born and bred, was asked to discuss how he felt about going back East to try to beat his hometown team in Game 3. "I'm more worried about whether it will be comedy or tragedy," said Westhead.

More to the point, Westhead made a defensive switch—Chones onto Dawkins, leaving Abdul-Jabbar with Caldwell Jones, who had said before the game, "If Kareem guards me I'll shoot from half court and hope the refs call him for play-

ing a zone." Jones did, but the refs didn't. With Kareem camped securely under the basket again and Chones dogging Dawkins, the Sixers attacked from outside. Hollins, guarded by Johnson on yet another switch, missed his first five shots. And L.A. opened a 15-point first-quarter lead.

But in the second period, Erving caught fire with a swooping dunk, a finger roll and an underhand scoop. Westhead called time. "Our scouting report says that anytime Doc scores two baskets in a row, do anything to stop the game," he said later. After the time-out, Erving was collared until late in the quarter, when he threw a memorable fake-left-go-right-flying-lay-in over Kareem.

During the quarter, the Laker lead evaporated, but in the last 1:44 L.A. scored nine straight and led at halftime, 58-44.

The game was never close after that, with the Lakers ravaging Philly on the boards 56-37. Abdul-Jabbar's numbers were nothing if not ordinary—33 points, 14 rebounds, three assists, four blocks. The difference again: Wilkes, Nixon and Johnson with 57 points, after only 39 in Game 2. For its part, Philadelphia got just 13 points from its vaunted bench, which had contributed 23 in Game 2.

So everyone went home for the night, to come back again 25 hours later. As Erving said, "It's just a long halftime."

By now an interesting pattern was discernible. In Game 2, Philadelphia went

THE WAY THINGS TURNED OUT

When Los Angeles opened its series with Philadelphia, the Lakers' head coach was not introduced to the crowd, did not sit on the bench and, in fact, said he wouldn't watch the game on TV. Jack McKinney, who is still the coach in L.A. even though he hasn't coached a game in six months, stopped watching his team play in February when frustration and anxiety began to get the best of him. McKinney had coached the Lakers for less than two months when he fell off a bicycle on the morning of Nov. 8 and suffered a serious head injury. Although McKinney, 44, is now fully ambulatory and his recovery vir-

tually complete, he is unable to get his job back from his assistant, Paul Westhead, 40.

Fast friends from years of coaching together, first at St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia for two years, and then for eight years in a Puerto Rican summer league, they had joined a team in transition—one with a colorful new owner and six new players.

The Lakers opened training camp in Palm Springs last September, four days after McKinney moved into his new home in Palos Verdes, and it wasn't until Nov. 8 that he and Westhead got their first day off. When Westhead called that morning at 10 o'clock, offering a game of tennis, McKinney eagerly accepted. One area in which the McKinneys were woefully deficient for Los Angeles was transportation—they had only one functioning automobile. The other had been involved in an accident in Portland, the McKinneys' previous home. In what was later to turn out to be one of the more grotesque ironies of McKinney's life, his wife, Claire, had gone off in the operative car to attend a class in human and personal relationships with Cassie Westhead. The name of the course was Who Am I? With no car to drive and Westhead already on his way to the tennis court, McKinney climbed onto his son's bike and pedaled off.

McKinney has said he remembers going down a hill and then the wheels on the bike somehow locking, causing him to flip over the handlebars. He landed face down on the pavement. When an ambulance finally arrived and the attendants found him bleeding and unconscious, one of them said, "This guy's not going to make it."

McKinney spent most of the next three

weeks fading in and out of a coma, his mind so fuzzy that Claire remembers having to pound on her husband's chest to get him to recognize her. The right side of his face and his left elbow had been shattered by the fall, and his condition was considered so grave that only his immediate family was allowed to see him. That "family" included Westhead. "The only reason that I'm allowed to see him," said Westhead, "is because Claire told the people at the hospital that I'm his brother. Actually, Claire isn't that far off. Jack has been like a brother to me." When Lakers owner Jerry Buss and Center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar attempted to visit McKinney in the intensive-care ward at Little Company of Mary Hospital, they were turned away.

The relationship between the McKinney and Westhead families had long been close. The wives were good friends, and the Westheads' four children had grown up with the McKinneys' four children. The McKinneys and the Westheads are so close that, through some strange twist of fate, their home phone numbers would be identical except that the next-to-last digits are one number apart.

The accident has changed that relationship, perhaps forever. When McKinney was hospitalized and Buss decided to let Westhead coach the Lakers, Westhead announced that he was merely an interim coach and that any success the Lakers enjoyed during his tenure would be McKinney's. "The first three or four weeks, I was clearly taking care of the players while the owner was on vacation," Westhead says. At one point he went so far as to promise he would never take McKinney's job, that he would step aside when McKinney was well enough to resume work, no matter what the circumstances. But that was a long time and many victories ago. And now the well-mean-



Westhead stepped in for his injured friend.

to the foul line 15 more times than the Lakers. In Game 3, the Lakers went 13 more times than the Sixers. In Game 4, the officials finally found the Lakers on a zone defense—22 seconds into the game. Thereafter the Sixers went to the line seven more times than the Lakers, their 23 free throws to L.A.'s 14 spelling the difference in the game.

"Why did Kareem score only 23 points?" someone asked Westhead.

"I don't know," said the coach wryly. "He was perfect from the line." After 27 field-goal attempts, Abdul-Jabbar went to the line exactly once. "I can't be effective when they're holding my arms," he said.

This game was much closer than the

first three, with the 76ers jumping to an early lead on defense and running, then losing it to turnovers and Laker rebounds and the shooting of Nixon and Wilkes.

In the fourth period, the Sixers had regained momentum and were leading 89-84. Wilkes was down with foul trouble and Erving found himself on the right wing holding the ball, with bumbling Mark Landsberger to get around. With one step and dribble, Erving was clear of Landsberger, and with another he was launched toward the hoop. "Then I saw Kareem coming and waving his arms," said Erving. A mid-course adjustment took him beyond the backboard and his right arm popped out behind Abdul-Jabbar's back. It went up, then

down, then up again, scooping the spinning ball into the basket. Classic, vintage, save-it-for-the-replays Doctor, two of 23 points for the afternoon. That about finished L.A.

An hour or so later, the basketball court was being removed, revealing the Spectrum ice. Dawkins, with 26 points, and Erving had seen to it that the wood would be down again for Game 6. On his way out, Abdul-Jabbar stopped to say goodbye to two of Julius' three children. As he walked away, 6-year-old Julius Winfield Erving III hollered after him, "You said you were going to win, Kareem! You didn't win! You lost!" Abdul-Jabbar chuckled to himself, and walked to the airport bus. END

ing Westhead has become as much a victim of circumstances as McKinney.

Whether or not McKinney will ever get his job back is a decision that won't be made by Buss until after the Lakers have concluded the championship series.

McKinney's health was surely Buss' primary concern when he made up his mind seven weeks ago to keep McKinney off the bench for the remainder of the season. Westhead had simplified regular-season matters by leading the Lakers to a 51-18 record (they were 60-22 overall) and the Pacific Division title. "Let's face it," says a member of the Lakers' front-office staff, "if this team had been losing, Jack would be coaching right now."

To an extent, McKinney is hostage to his own success. It was he who urged the Lakers to get Jim Chones, who saw Michael Cooper's potential in a summer league, who made Magic Johnson and Norm Nixon into a prolific backcourt, who designed the basic plays the Lakers still run and, of course, who hired Westhead. During his recuperation, a time he spent "just bumping around the house, knocking pictures crooked," as he puts it, and suffering periodic bouts of depression during which he slept away much of the day, McKinney always assumed the job would be his when he was fully recovered. But that hasn't been the case. During the latter stages of the season, he was reduced to occasional scouting assignments; he doesn't go to Laker practices, doesn't visit his office, and his contact with Westhead—except for scouting reports—has tapered off to almost none at all. "We've never discussed anything," says Cassie Westhead of this cooling period, "even though we're all very aware that our futures are going to change because of what's happened. We don't see the McKinneys as much

as we did, and that's been a kind of unspoken decision by the four of us. I think because our relationship is deep, we've avoided making it awkward for each other. They can't share our joy over Paul's success, of course. And how many times can you say you're sorry for the way things turned out? When you get past the season for it, you have to accept the fact that for us it's been a dream come true."

Buss, shrewd businessman that he is, kept his options open as long as possible, first suggesting the possibility that McKinney and Westhead could function as co-coaches, then deciding to withdraw the offer when McKinney jumped at it. "In January it became a question of what kind of activities Jack could resume," says Dr. Robert Kerlan, the Lakers' team physician. "We reached a consensus that it wouldn't be good for Jack to be forced into a situation where he would be under pressure and doing a lot of traveling. Nobody knows how a patient is going to respond to a head injury, and we thought it best that he complete his recovery first."

When Buss announced in mid-March that it was too late for McKinney to return to the bench this season, McKinney was the first to agree that a change in coaches so close to the playoffs could be a problem. So he stopped discussing his experiences to return and went back to jogging a couple of miles a day, jumping rope, swimming and working out on a Nautilus machine three days a week. Buss had won his delaying game.

But his eventual decision cannot fail to have unsettling consequences. Westhead has shown no interest in remaining with the Lakers as an assistant coach if Buss chooses to bring back McKinney. But if Westhead becomes the head coach, that will leave Mc-



McKinney, who may just be out in the cold

Kinney not only, in effect, fired, but also looking like damaged goods.

McKinney has tried to maintain his perspective and be sensitive to Buss' predicament, as is to who will be the Lakers' coach next year will seem terribly impolitic to some. "He can't win, whatever he does," McKinney said recently.

Buss, very much to the contrary, feels he can't lose. "Everybody keeps telling me I've got a terribly difficult decision," he says, "but I love having to make that decision. It's like having to choose between Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Walt Chamberlain as your center—how many mistakes can I make? I think most people would sympathize with me if I chose Paul. It would take a lot of guts to let someone go after he's won a division title for you."

—BRUCE NEWMAN



Stennis' at you is Rutherford's Chaparral, aka the Yellow Submarine, pole winner at 192.256 mph

THREE VACUUMS CLEAN UP

Ground-effect cars driven by Johnny Rutherford, Mario Andretti and Bobby Unser, who grasped their black magic, filled the front row for Indy **by SAM MOSES**

When you look realistically at what it takes to win the Indianapolis 500, holding the pole position is not what it's blown up to be. It means prize money, of course—\$10,000—and it means steady publicity for the pole car's sponsors for two media-intense weeks, and it means satisfaction and possibly a psychological edge for the driver in knowing that his car is the fastest. But when it gets down to the checkered flag after 500 miles, the pole position means no more than the No. 2 slot—each has produced 10 winners. The physical advantage over the next car at the start is about 10 feet. Sideways.

Nevertheless, the race for the pole has always been an event that is important in its own right, and it would be hard to find anyone within 50 miles of the Speedway who would dare suggest that the struggle isn't worth that 10 feet, sideways or not.

Curious things happen during qualifying week—besides the dreams that are fulfilled by drivers making the field and the hearts broken among those who miss out. Dashing rookies blow the doors off old pros. Drivers whip their cars into the wall, learning hard lessons about limits. Heroes return. Dull engineers unveil spectacular creations. A.J. Foyt finds another colorful route to the center of whatever the week's star may be.

The first weekend of qualifying this year will be remembered for the Yellow Submarine, an eye-widening Chaparral with Captain John Rutherford at the controls. After a week of being the class of the Brickyard, last Saturday it torpedoed the opposition to win the pole position at a speed of 192.256 mph.

Not that it was easy for Rutherford, a two-time Indy winner. He had to better a game 191.012-mph bid by the hero re-

turned, Mario Andretti, the Indy champion way back in 1969. For Andretti, who skipped last year's 500 to race in the Monte Carlo Grand Prix, second-best was a boost for his spirit. Although he was the world champion in 1978, his Grand Prix cars haven't been competitive for more than a year, and times have been frustrating, depressing and even confidence-shaking for him. "I want this race," he said of Indy. "I need this race. I miss this race." And the crowd of 150,000 wanted him. When he was on pit row, adults cheered and kids hung on to the fence, shouting, "Mario! Mario! My hero! Mario!" Andretti walked over and signed autographs for them, obviously enjoying the limelight in a dark season.

The Chaparral Rutherford drove was the same model three-time Indy winner AJ Unser had last year. It was running away with the race until an oil seal popped at 260 miles. Despite that mishap, it was clearly in the vanguard of a generation of ground-effect cars, racers whose aerodynamic design below the driver creates a vacuum that holds the cars to the road. Ground-effects were a black art last year; now they are a very dark gray art. Geoff Ferris, the designer of Andretti's Penske PC-9, expressed it best last week. "We just don't know how much we don't know," he said.

To build a ground-effect car is to try to catch the wind—literally. No one has yet caught it on the first try, so tricky is the art. The other outright 1980 ground-effect cars—the PC-9s of Andretti, Bobby Unser and Rick Mears; AJ Unser's Longhorn, Gordon Johncock's Wildcat—all went through periods of development during which it appeared they might be untamable. Last week many of the mysteries remained.

It's still a mystery to Johncock why he hit the wall in practice on Thursday. Actually, he had a theory, though it was not his alone. Many drivers believed that air might be whooshing unpredictably under the cars at inopportune moments, for example in the middle of a turn, squeezing under the skirts at the sides and causing the cars to lose suction and break traction. Johncock's was not the only sudden skirmish with the wall last week.

Johncock, the 1973 Indy champ, discussed this theory while lying on his back on a workbench in his garage, his left

foot in a cast. He sat up with interest when a photographer brought him 17 sequential shots of his crash. He saw himself sliding backward toward the wall at 170 mph in the first photo; making contact in the second; bouncing three feet high in the third. He flipped directly to the 17th photo like someone peeking at the last page of a mystery novel, and saw himself being carried away on a stretcher. On Sunday, after some modifications to his clutch pedal to accommodate his cast, he qualified at 186.075 mph in another car, another mystery.

The combination of ground-effect cars and a new Speedway rule has completely changed the complexion of Indy-style driving in just one year. The rule limits turbocharger boost pressure to 48 pounds per square inch of mercury, which considerably reduces horsepower and, therefore, speed. The result of more traction and less power is that cars are driven flat-out all the way around the oval. Before, a driver would accelerate on the straights and slow for the turns. Top speeds have dropped from 225 to 195 mph; corner speeds have increased from 180 to 190 or so.

"In my whole racing career, I've never driven so close to the line all the time," said Andretti. "You just hold your foot down and steer. I used to love that feel-

ing of power, but there's no acceleration anymore." Asked if this same-speed driving is more or less challenging than that of the old days of acceleration and braking, Andretti thought a second and said, "More dangerous. There used to be room for error. With the new limit you don't ever want to back off because you lose so much momentum, and it takes forever to get the ground back. As a result you have to take more chances, especially in traffic."

One thing remains constant, Rutherford pointed out: "Under any set of circumstances, the name of the game is still to take the car as far as you can take it. But I haven't talked to one guy yet who says he likes it better the way it is now." Rutherford said this moments before his qualifying run. Moments before double-Indy winner Bobby Unser would qualify third fastest to join his Penske teammate Andretti and Rutherford on the front row, he said the same thing in his own fashion: "You just squeeze in your testicles, suck in your stomach, strap yourself down good and tight, puff out your chest like a bullfrog, hold your breath and white-knuckle it."

Had it not been for ground-effect problems, there might have been a newcomer on the front row. Rookie Tim Richmond, 24, had been driving smoothly and rapidly all week. By the end of practice he had the fastest lap—better than 193 mph, faster even than Rutherford's best. Dashing, charismatic and charming, it seemed everyone thought Richmond was terrific, including Roger Penske. Penske had told Richmond, "If one of my guys gets hurt, you're on my team." A promise like that by Penske to a rookie is a virtual anointment.

None of this seemed to go to Richmond's head, although he did admit to getting up early and running out for the papers to read about himself. But in the final warmup Saturday, moments before qualifying was to begin, he "lost it" in Turn 1 and hit the wall, bending the chassis of his PC-7 and blowing his chance to qualify that day.

"I wasn't trying to stand on it or be some hero," Richmond said later. "All I know is the car was feeling nice, and then it just let go. It was windy this morning, so maybe a gust got under the skirts. I haven't been in this game too long, so I can't tell you what happened."

Actually, the Chaparral crew hadn't felt threatened by Richmond's quick practice lap. "We felt like it was a TV run," said the car's owner, Jim Hall, meaning he believed that Richmond had bypassed the valve that limits boost in order to clock a fast practice lap and reap publicity. Hall suspected this because Richmond's top speed had been measured by a radar gun at 203 mph on the front straight, about eight mph faster than Rutherford's best, which would have been extremely unlikely without assistance from extra-legal boost pressure.

The distinction of having the tip-top fastest speed in practice had gone to A.J. Foyt, however. He had showed up overweight and uninspired, though remarkably mellow. His best practice times had been in the 186-mph range until late Friday afternoon, when suddenly he was doing 192, and his top speed soared to 207, which drew outright laughter from other crews. "I can't bum that high on 48 inches," quipped Rutherford. When it counted, Foyt went out and hit 185.500 mph. USAC officials hadn't been checking the valves for tampering during practice, but they checked them closely in qualifying—and will again before the green flag falls on May 25, when Rutherford & Co. will be out there humming before 350,000 racing fans.

Before crashing, rookie Richmond strutted



but Rutherford had the last and best laugh



THE BAD NEWS BEARS OF KAMINSKEY PARK

Also known as the White Sox of Comiskey Park in Chicago, they're a reggie outfit that's living the high life in the American League West **by FRANK DEFORD**

To almost everyone's surprise but the owner's, the Chicago White Sox are challenging for the lead in the American League West, and they are doing it with a cast composed almost exclusively of DHs and lhp's—designated hitters and lefthanded pitchers—a collection of cast-offs and the grateful waived, players whose minor league way stations read like the bus itineraries for a country-and-western band. Yet this club of snips and snails and puppy dog tails (and one left-handed-throwing catcher) also has a handful of sugar-and-spice phenoms, who are the luckiest, most spoiled of players: so fortunate to have come straight from Nowhere without having had to waste summers riding buses.

This mélange is presided over by a wounded—but not reformed—old rebel, the owner, and a well-chiseled young member of the Florida bar, the manager: two self-professed "scufflers" who are divided by age but united in spirit. Somewhere, too, there is a Wizard of Waxyahachie. And so, considering the modest attributes of the rest of the AL West, there is no reason why the Chisox might not just as well win the thing.

Which would be fine with Bill Veeck, 66 now and resembling a wise old rabbit. "I can't see, I can't hear, and I can't walk, even on my good leg, but otherwise I'm fine," he said the other day, lobbing an empty beer mug to the bartender. "Sooner or later all the lame and the



Caspehl (right), an authority when it comes to hitting, predicts that Rookie Baines has a rosy future.



halt and the blind end up with us because they know they'll fit in."

THE PALE HOSE Some would say, do say, Pale Hose. Of all the sobriquets of the diamond, nothing approaches Pale Hose for its lyric honesty. Perennially lacking, the Pale Hose are always a team of thrift and reality, like the world about them on the South Side. Not for nothing is Comiskey Park known as "the biggest saloon in Chicago." Under the stands it is like a midway at a county fair.

Unlike Wrigley Field, where the wind wafts short fly balls over the ivied walls, there have never been any cheap home runs in Comiskey Park—or Kaminsky Park, as it is usually pronounced in the immediate area. The best Chisox teams were known as The Hitless Wonders, and the only pennant to fly on the South Side in the last 60 years was for the 1959 Go-Go Sox, when Veeck owned the team the first time, before he was supposed to go away and die.

The incumbent Sox, managed by Tony LaRussa, L.L.B., 35, who recently dislo-



From the left (naturally), the Pale Horse southpaws: Burns, Worham, Baumgarten, Kravac, Trout

casted his left shoulder in a donnybrook against Milwaukee, and led by downy-cheeked southpaws, have more hitting than usual, but there is a lot of grouching that they can't possibly win with their ragtag infield. At least at home, however, this is a tempest in a teapot. Like most young flamethrowers, the Chisox throw stuff that rises, and when hit, the ball goes well out over the infield toward the vast centerfield expanses, where Chet Lemon runs it down.

Nevertheless, you have your nitpickers. On the air a few days ago, Sox TV-radio announcer Jim Piersall, who doubles as a coach (what the hell, the traveling secretary pitches BP and the media coordinator inspects the ladies' rooms), allowed that "we have the worst infield in baseball." Piersall unequivocally denies making this statement. He says his broadcast partner, the indefatigable Harry Caray, was the one who made that assessment. All he ever said, Piersall avers, is that "every ground ball is an adventure." Case dismissed.

The most famous member of the Pale Horse inner cordon is 5' 5" Harry Chapas. But he is an irregular. The starting second baseman is Jim Morrison, a converted third baseman from the Phillies' chain. Greg Pryor, much maligned, the thinking man's Bucky Dent, is the shortstop. I Don't Know is on third. Lamar Johnson is the first baseman. Recently, he missed two games because of a chest rash, which is being treated with applications of Crisco.

Johnson is an aberration even on this odd team, a senior player who actually came up through the system. At 29, Johnson is something of an oldtimer, only Wayne Nordhagen, the hefty righthanded DH, is over 30, and he is only 31. "In the locker room I look around, and I still don't feel like it's the major leagues," says Richard Dotson, the lone righthanded starter, a 21-year-old rookie. "Then one day I had to face Tony Perez—I grew up in Cincinnati with Tony Perez—and that's when I finally felt like I really was in the majors."

So Johnson, a large, gentle man, with the smoothest of swings—"I just lay back and use my hands"—has fallen into the leadership role that might normally be expected to go to Lemon, the team's most complete player. Lemon is only 25, though, and a withdrawn and sensitive soul. A Jehovah's Witness, he avoided taking part in the players' strike vote, and often he even goes to an early hitting practice by himself so that he can return to a quiet clubhouse and study the Bible.

This behavior is perceived as standoffish by a few players, nettling them, but the Chisox scufflers are hardly a team that can afford finger-pointing. Dissension and backbiting can only surface as virtues with the well off—early Oakland, the Martin Yankees. Chicago waffled last year under the uncertain direction of Manager Don Kessinger, the former Cubbie who was hired in the forlorn hope that he might win over a few North Side fans; the players also got the wrong signals from a couple of self-centered veterans, since dispatched. Every team has a persona of its own, and LaRussa, a goal-oriented scuffer, could show the way for this crowd. Pro sports is a high-low poker game now, and the trick is to gather

continued

Manager LaRussa shoulders a heavy burden





a team that knows it is either 1) overpowering or 2) undervalued—witness the last two American League champions, the Yankees and the Orioles.

Bruce Kimm is a catcher who got trapped in the Detroit system. He was too smart for his own good, and the Tigers preferred to keep him Triple A, nurturing their young pitchers. The White Sox drafted him to look after their kids, to call their games, to show them when to bring it in tight, to intimidate. "I collect guys like this," Veck says. The other night, with a runner on second, even with the count 3-2, Kimm, at bat, gave himself up, grounding to the right and moving the runner up. The scuffers knew what he had done. When he got back to the dugout, they got up for him. As if on cue, Pryor, the next batter, produced the sacrifice fly.

Ed Farmer is suddenly the most effective reliever in the league—three wins, eight saves. But he has been in seven organizations. He made the majors as long as nine years ago, a 21-year-old kid ordered to bring heat. His arm went, and by 1975 he couldn't win at Union Laguna, Mexico, the last stop.

Farmer quit the game and was operated on. It was his wife, Barbara, who made him get back in shape. "She told me she'd given up her career as an actress to have our baby, and she wasn't going to watch me give up mine when I didn't have an excuse," he says. Out driving, she would stop the car and make him run home. Farmer taught himself a curve, and decided he had the disposition to be a reliever. "I told a kid on this team who isn't playing much about my past," Farmer says. "I told him: you can't ever look back at what you were."

As recently as 1977, Outfielder Bobby Molinaro was ready to quit and become a dealer in Vegas. He had a lead on a solid \$20,000 job at the Golden Nugget. He had been knocking around the Tiger farms since 1968, when he had been a certified phenom, hailed as the successor to Al Kaline. In the end, only a complicated paperwork error and the new free-agent laws freed him for a chance at the majors. He gave Chicago one good year, but last spring Kessinger sent him back to the minors, to Iowa. He just dug in again and hit .328.

Farmer offers the Sox relief on the mound, but Lemon gets his by reading the Bible in his locker

"When I was down at Iowa last year, Thad Bosley [now a Sox outfielder] used to ask me, 'How do you do this, Bobby? How do you play like this after all these years?'" Molinaro said. "I don't know. I give so much to this game. I never got married. How is any woman going to understand? All the moving around. Lots of times I couldn't sleep. I had to take pills. And all I ever wanted was just the one thing: a chance to fail up here. It's taken me 12 years to get here, playing every day. The great thing is..." He stopped, scratching his head. Sometimes ballplayers really do use in speech the stock phrases they have read for so long in the sports pages; life follows cliché. Molinaro said, "What's great is, I know that what I do every day is going to dictate how well this club fares this year."

At present, Bobby Molinaro is hitting .364, fourth best in the league, and his team is two games out.

THE PORTSIDERS While it is an accident that the Chisox ended up with so many left-handers, the wealth of good young pitchers is no coincidence. When Veck took over the club in '76, he lacked a number of advantages, notably money and athletes. Consciously, then, the decision was made to draft pitchers, because, as every mother's son knows, pitching is 75% of baseball. Or 80% or 90%. Only last year did the organization—headed by the cagey Roland Hemond—turn to selecting the "skill positions" up the middle. The result is that the pitchers are a couple of years ahead of the hitters, the best of whom are in Double A on what is known in the trade as a "prospect club"—at league-leading Glens Falls, N.Y. in the Eastern League.

The other reason the Chisox sought out pitchers was that Veck had hired the Wizard of Waxahachie, or Paul Richards, as he is sometimes known. Richards, 71, is a master at developing pitchers, most prominently the fabled Kiddie Corps of Baltimore, which he managed 20 years ago: Pappas, Walker, Estrada, Barber, Fisher. The vu in Chi is overwhelmingly *déjà*. Richards specializes in teaching the slip pitch, which is what you call a change-up if you are a very good wizard. Richards also has a name for people. He calls everybody "boy," including the venerable Veck. He scares the wits out of folks.

Last Thursday, Chicago's top new portside, a 6' 5", 20-year-old named Britt Burns (1.62 ERA, 3-2, six walks in

continued

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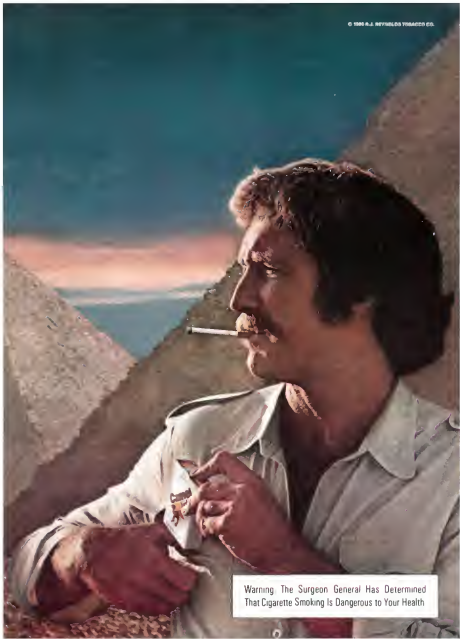


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1860

TODAY

39 innings), was messing around with the Royals, mixing it up, moving it in and out, dropping down occasionally for a left-hander, but poor LaRussa was fretting, pacing in the dugout, as Burns threw 110 ... 120 ... 130 pitches. Richards was 1,000 miles away, but LaRussa could feel his glare. Boy, don't you let my boys throw too many pitches.

Burns, from Birmingham, proudly wears a gold chain that reads *HOSS*, which is what his teammates have taken to calling him. All his life he blew the ball past everybody, and now he loves to get cute. "When we were playing the Yankees the other day," he says, "Bruce called for a change-up on 3-2, and I couldn't believe it." He struck the guy out, swinging, although he hasn't the foggiest notion who it was. "I never was a fan," Hoss says. "I knew about Babe Ruth and Mickey Mantle and those old guys, but the modern players, I never knew them. But, boy, I was pleased. I thought about that I'd heard about guys who could throw the change on 3-2, and here I had thrown a change on 3-2."

Ross Baumgarten, 24, is home, a Chicago boy. He is a Cubs fan, and before coming to work at Kaminsky Park the other day, he went up to Wrigley Field to see the Cubbies. You know, they play days. Baumgarten's brother is a vice-president at Paramount.

Steve Trout is 22, the ninth child (of 10) of Dizzy Trout, who, his name notwithstanding, was a righthander. Dizzy was the first employee Veeck hired (in public relations) when he originally took over the Sox in '58. The elder Trout bought an abandoned convent to hold his brood, but he died when Steve was only 14, and the son was molded less by his father, the pitcher he became, than by two older brothers, a professor and nutritionist.

The two aging porssiders are Richard (Tex) Wortham, 26, and Ken Kravec, 28. Wortham, the team's player representative, is the only father among the southpaws. Scholarly-looking in horn rims, he belies his cool appearance: he is a thrower. Kravec, a newlywed, is an assortment pitcher, and he was the pick of the litter from last season, when his record was 15-13. Wortham was 14-14, Baumgarten 13-8, Trout 11-8.

But there is an old pitching axiom that Earl Weaver likes to quote: *Six is too many, 12 not enough*. Which means that when things are going bad a dozen pitch-

ers can't get a man out; when the going's good, half your staff is superfluous. Late in spring training, LaRussa walked out to Wortham, who was running in the outfield, and told him he was sorry but he was sending him to the bullpen. Wortham had won 14 games in his first full major league season—"Future stardom for the hard-throwing southpaw," declares the press guide—but now here was Dobson, only 21, and Burns, 20. Wortham, 26, reminded one of a line F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote right after he got out of college. "She was a faded but still lovely woman of 27."

Last week, when Trout had a little shoulder soreness, LaRussa left him out of the rotation and brought Wortham in for his first start. He pitched a three-hit shutout against Kansas City for seven innings, and Farmer topped it off. Final score, 2-0. Six is too many. There are bullpens. There are options.

THE ROOMIES Thad Bosley is 23, tall, swift, strong. Since 1977 he has had 532 at bats in the majors, hitting almost 300, but has never played a full season. When he first came up, to California, the general manager told him he would be the Angel centerfielder for 15 years. He was traded to Chicago a few months later. Last spring Kessinger assured Bosley he would be a regular, but he sat him on the bench for a month and then shipped him to Iowa. Bosley couldn't understand. He hit a weak .264. "How do you do it, Bobby? How?" he asked Molinaro.

It is a month into the season now, and Bosley is hitting .292—but has only 24 at bats. Harold Baines has 90 at bats, and he's a rookie, barely 21. Everybody gathers round just to watch Baines take batting practice. "Just like Billy Williams," says Orlando Cepeda, the Sox' roving batting instructor, whom Veeck hired after he was released from jail after being convicted for importing and possessing marijuana. Baines' back foot is up on its toe, a dancer's pivot. "Olivia did that some," somebody says. "Earl Battey," says another. Jim Frey, the Royals' manager, watches one swing, then another. He spits "What's it matter?" he says. "I seen enough. He could hit with one leg up in the air. The kid hits." He's left-handed, just like Bosley. And a right-fielder, just like Bosley.

Also, they share an apartment, Bosley and Baines. Bosley comes home after sitting, again, and tries to calm himself, playing the flute or the piano.

"Somehow this is good for me," says Bosley. "Some September, maybe this one, they're going to turn to me, and I'll remember this, what I'm going through now, and I'm going to be smokin' when it counts. And they're going to see it then, and they'll say it: Bosley is a gamer."

Baines is from St. Michaels, Md., a hamlet down on the Eastern Shore, tucked between chicken farms and oyster beds. Chicago, he suggests, is a big, strange place. "Thad helps me, and looks after me. He calls me his little brother."

Upstairs, in the club saloon is where Veeck makes his office, where he chucked the bartender his empty mug. He was a phenom, too. Cleveland, 1948: age 34, a major league attendance record. He says, "When I tried to buy this club back, there were owners who said I was too old, that the game had passed me by. They'd been in baseball for two years, and they were tellin' me my game had passed me by. Oh, but now. We've got the best farm in baseball, and we're close to having the best team, and . . . I'm going to stick it to them."

The bartender brought another drink over. "Excuse me," Bill Veeck said. "I shouldn't get emotional."

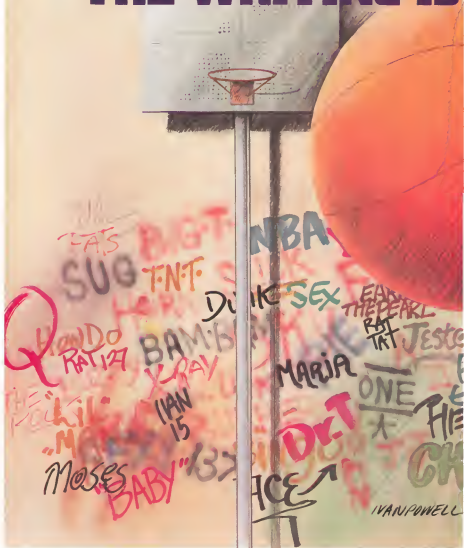
The fact is, nobody has ever won anything with phenoms. It is how your ex-phenoms respond to themselves that tells every tale on the diamond.

END

As Johnson's face reveals, things look bright



THE WRITING IS



ON THE WALL

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD



CONTINUED

The rash of phony transcripts and academic cheating spells out the fact that athletics are now an abomination to the ideals of higher education. Victims: the student-athletes. Culprits: the system and those who run it

This is the spoor of an educational system gone mad: Nov. 15, 1979: Eight Arizona State football players were declared ineligible because they received credit for an extension course, Remediation of Reading, Mathematics and Language for the Exceptional Child, taught during the summer of 1979 in Gardena, Calif., under the auspices of Rocky Mountain College of Billings, Mont. The players neither attended any classes in the course nor completed any of the work required. Arizona State forfeited the five victories in which the eight had participated and Athletic Director Dr. Fred Miller was subsequently fired.

Nov. 19: The NCAA informed San Jose State that a Spartan football player, senior Guard Steve Hart, might be academically ineligible. San Jose investigated the allegation and found that Hart had, indeed, claimed credit falsely for two courses in the Rocky Mountain program. San Jose, the PCAA co-champion, forfeited two victories, a tie and the conference title.

Nov. 30: New Mexico Basketball Coach Norm Ellenberger and Assistant Coach Manny Goldstein were suspended after an Albuquerque Police Department wiretap revealed that, with Ellenberger's consent, Goldstein had arranged for Guard Craig Gilbert, a junior-college transfer, to receive phony credits through Oxnard (Calif.) College. A federal grand jury subsequently indicted Ellenberger on multiple counts of fraud relating to the alleged doctoring of academic transcripts.

Dec. 4: Twenty-eight athletes at the University of Southern California, including 19 players on USC's Rose Bowl-bound football team, were found to be enrolled in—but not attending—Speech Communications 380, a course supposedly open only to members of the debating team. The speech instructor resigned; the athletic department's academic coordinator was suspended; and the athletes were given a five-day "crash course." After the university reviewed the work done in the crash course, 26 of the athletes were ordered to take a second makeup, "because," said USC President John R. Hubbard, "of irregularities discovered in the conduct of the first makeup." Among the irregularities was the submission by some student-athletes of work that was not their own.

Dec. 6: Five New Mexico basketball players were declared ineligible for having received three hours of credit for an extension course—Current Problems and Principles of Coaching Athletics, administered by Ottawa (Kans.) University and taught during the summer of '79 in Sepulveda, Calif.—which they never attended. A sixth player, who claimed to have actually taken the course, was suspended.

Dec. 22: Immediately before the University of Utah basketball team's 71-69 upset of national champion-to-be Louisville, Coach Jerry Pimm was informed by Dr. R. J. Snow, the school's vice-president, that the Utes' star forward, Danny Vranes, had received credit for the Ottawa University extension course in Sepulveda. Despite Vranes' assertion that he had been given permission to take the course by correspondence and to not attend any classes, Utah ruled Vranes ineligible.

Dec. 24: Oregon State University announced that football player Leroy Edwards, who had taken the Ottawa extension course but never claimed credit for it, was still found to be ineligible because he had failed in a summer course in general biology at Central Florida Community College in Ocala. Oregon State had one win to forfeit.

Jan. 17, 1980: California State Polytechnic at Pomona announced that it had volunteered to forfeit all three of its football victories and offered to do the same with its 16 dual-meet cross-country wins after two athletes—runner Mark Turner and Defensive Back Henry Wilson—admitted to having received credit for classes they never attended in the Rocky Mountain College extension course. Further investigation revealed that Reserve Center Kenneth Barrance, a Cal Poly basketball player, was also academically ineligible. He, too, had never attended the Rocky Mountain course for which he had been registered. Cal Poly thus forfeited eight basketball victories as well.

Jan. 23: Dr. Arthur G. Hansen, president of Purdue, announced that the university had suspended Defensive Back David Anthony Hill because records submitted to Purdue before Hill transferred there from Pasadena City College gave him credit for courses that he acknowledged he had never attended, namely, the Rocky Mountain course and others offered by Pacific Christian Junior College in Fullerton, Calif.

Feb. 14: University of Oregon President William B. Boyd announced that seven Oregon student-athletes were known to have received credit for courses for which they did no work. Four football players had received unearned credit for the Ottawa University extension course, two swimmers had received unearned credit from Pacific Christian College and Derrick Dale, a former linebacker, had earned instant eligibility in the early fall of 1978 by "taking," as independent study, a jogging course at nearby Lane Community College. Dale was credited for running he had already done in football practice. Boyd fined the head football coach, four of his assistants and the swimming coach more than \$9,000 for their involvement in the scheme.

Feb. 16: The Los Angeles Times reported that several former athletes at UCLA had been credited with attending a course at Los Angeles Valley College that they hadn't actually attended.

March 10: The L.A. Times reported that USC's Billy Mullins, the NCAA 400-meter champion in 1978, had been accepted as a transfer student at Southern Cal in the spring of 1978 largely on the basis of a transcript that included 28 credits he purportedly had received in the fall of 1977 from four different community colleges located in the Los Angeles area—Pasadena, Los Angeles, West Los Angeles and Rio Hondo. According to the Times, Mullins' schedule would have required that he be at Rio Hondo at 8 a.m. for Economics 1A, 20 miles away at Pasadena at 9 a.m. for Chemistry 22, and back at Rio Hondo at 10 a.m. for Literature 1B.

April 30: The University of Southern California announced that it had uncovered in the records of a former student, a member of the track team, 10 units transferred from California Lutheran College in 1978 that appeared to be fraudulent. The discovery was made in the course of a check, ordered by the Pac-10, of all transfer credits received from 19 institutions listed by the conference as "suspect." USC

has also been unable to verify credits received by the same student from Compton College.

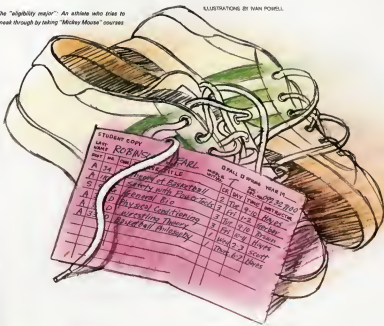
Appalling as the public record is, the current state of the so-called student-athlete becomes nothing short of unconscionable when academe's heavily fortified wall of "privacy" is breached. Here, for example, is signed, written testimony given to NCAA investigators by athletes enrolled in institutions of higher learning: "I think he [a coach] did visited me a school one. . . . Since I have been at [the school], Coach [name deleted] have not give me any money, period. But he have lend me five to tin dollars but I have paid it back to." And, "Coach [name deleted] give me a 5 or 6 dr. to do my clothis with but other than that he have not give me any money."

For as long as intercollegiate sports have been taken seriously in the U.S., the image of the "dumb jock" has endured. In caricature, he is not an altogether unappealing figure: the fullback whose neck is a size larger than the best grade he has ever received in math class; the kid with a rampant pituitary gland who calmly dribbles behind his back but breaks into a cold sweat at the prospect of diagramming

continued

The "eligibility major": An athlete who tries to sneak through by taking "Mickey Mouse" courses

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NIAN POWELL



a simple sentence. This was always an exaggerated image, one that was more playfully than seriously advanced.

No more.

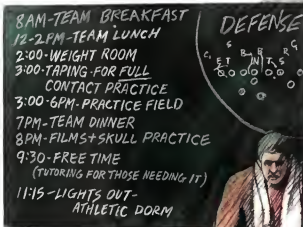
The "dumb jock" has now come into full flower in the American educational system. He is fast becoming a national catastrophe. He is already a national disgrace. About the only good thing one can say about him is that his blossoming has inadvertently exposed the larger failures of the educational process.

What happened? Why is it different after all these years?

~ It is different because the educational system itself is in chaos, its spirit preoccupied, its standards blunted to a point where almost anything that passes for curricula is permissible. High schools—many of them—do not educate, they

graduate. Junior colleges—many of them—have such meager academic requirements that they are fertile ground for any angling coach who feels the need to do some academic cheating to keep his players eligible. The sins of the high schools and J.C.s are visited on the major colleges, where the buck stops.

~ It is different because declining enrollments and inflating costs have made the possibility that the bucks will stop a real one on some campuses. Thus, schools become susceptible to the rationale that a little athletic malfeasance is okay in the cause of academic survival. They have seen that the excesses of a few coaches, a few administrators and a few boosters at other schools have yielded success—in direct terms by selling seats and generating revenues



The demands of his sport often force an athlete to spend most of his hours with his teammates, leaving little time for studying.



through TV exposure, in indirect terms by making those schools more visible to potential students.

It is different because academic standards have been eroded to the point where more undereducated student-athletes than ever are getting into college today. Not just underprivileged young men who need a chance, but unqualified young men who have no chance, not in the classroom. Through their playing days at college they are kept "eligible" via an eventless and immaterial habitation of the classroom. They wind up down the road with neither of the things they need most: 1) an education and 2) a degree. The venerable institutions of higher learning may not be squeamish about keeping such student-athletes eligible, but they draw the line at giving sheepskins to young men who have spent most of their time sweating over a pigskin.

It is different because the administrators and academicians who have traditionally tried to keep "big sport" in its place have created the ultimate irony: as the architects of all this chaos, they have subverted their own system. Caught up in money-madness, they have made a legion of scavengers of their coaches—coaches desperate to win, desperate to get and keep in school those players who can help them win, and thus keep business booming. The failures of administrators are as joined to the sins of coaches as a man's leg is to his hip.

It is different because under the guise of affirmative action and other civil rights programs, athletic administrations have made athletes more exploitable than ever. With all too few exceptions, "eligibility majors" pass through the process doomed to failure and a future of disillusionment.

It is different because in the last 20 years colleges have allowed their "money" sports—football and basketball—to become farm systems for the professional leagues, and in so doing have permitted their athletes to embrace a terrible myth: that attending college with the sole aim of making the pros is compatible with the academic environment, even at the expense of scholarship. Scholastically handicapped players are thus invited into college to pursue an impossible dream: to become one of the small number of college players (less than 2%) who make it in the NFL and NBA.

It is different, finally, because the coaches themselves—traditionally the heavies in this long-running melodrama—see the problems better than anyone else. They are at once culprits and victims, and many of them have had enough of being both. "Our administrators tend not to deal with the problem at all, but to gloss it over with a lot of fancy dialogue," says Bill Walsh, who spent seven years in the college ranks—two of them as head football coach at Stanford—and is now coaching the San Francisco 49ers. "If you enroll a kid who has no chance to cut it academically, you're guilty of manipulating that kid. If you protect him from an education instead of educating him, you're guilty again."

"I see transcripts [of high school athletes] you wouldn't believe," says Notre Dame Football Coach Dan Devine. "Some of them are tragic."

Some of them you *shouldn't* believe, even when they look good, says Louisiana State University Basketball Coach Dale Brown. "Colleges will inherit a student from a high

school with a 3.0 average who, in fact, is reading at a sixth-grade level," he says.

Transcript falsification is an extreme but all too common manifestation of the failures of the educational system and of the educators themselves—which is why administrators (to use Walsh's words) "tend not to deal with the problem." Historically the NCAA would far rather catch a coach or player with his hand in the till than reveal soiled academic skirts. In a 150-page report for the American Council on Education written in 1974, George H. Hanford, the current head of the College Board, called for an investigation of all intercollegiate sport, charging that athletics had "drifted from the mainstream of American education" and "were making athletes willing victims of today's highly structured industrial complex." Instead of "building character," big-time college sports were actually destroying it through "exposure to the unethical and immoral practices in which the athletic establishment indulges." Hanford found that the well-being of the athletes "came second" to the need for fiscal solvency.

University controllers, if not those people cheering in the stands, understand what athletic cost efficiency means. An NCAA Division I football team is permitted to have 95 players on scholarship at any time. Say a tuition scholarship is worth \$4,000, that means the football team has cost a school \$380,000—plus the salaries of a head coach and 10 assistants—before the first pair of sweat socks is handed out. What fans do understand is that they don't have to spend Saturday afternoons watching ol' State lose, no matter what the school's team has cost. And they don't. Which means that if a university is going to get even financially, not to mention tap in on the huge profits earned by the most successful football schools, those 95 scholarships had better go to athletes who can deliver, fill those stands, get the team nationally ranked and on TV—and let's not hear about a star running back losing his eligibility because he cannot conjugate the verb "to run."

Hanford and A.C.E. did not get the funding requested for their investigation. Dr. Harry Marmion, director of the Commission on Collegiate Athletics for A.C.E. and a former coach and college president, found this sad but not surprising. "The whole fabric of U.S. athletics has been distorted," he said.

The problem, says Dr. Ewald B. Nyquist, a vice-president of Pace University and former commissioner of education for the State of New York, is moral: "not educational, not economic or fiscal, not social—but moral. And what is morally wrong can never be educationally right."

To find the origin of this particular sin, you have to go back to before college, says LSU's Brown, "back to lazy parents who never encourage their children to read, to awful high school instruction and to high school principals whose main aim is to keep students going from one step to another to make way for the next batch."

Flaws in elementary and secondary education (overcrowding, underfinancing, classrooms in turmoil, etc.) are well documented. What is new is that the situation is steadily worsening. As the economy falters, public services are curtailed, and education is often the first and hardest hit by

continued

STUDENT-ATHLETES

continued



49er Coach Walsh "We do everything but educate the student-athlete."

the cutbacks. More than 40% of the initial \$6.8 billion reduction in public spending brought about by Proposition 13 in California came from education budgets.

When a high school transcript makes better fiction than *The Grapes of Wrath*, it is a good bet that the school has compensated for the miserable job it has done by "helping the kid out." College recruiters complain of an all-too-familiar pattern. The requirement for a football or basketball scholarship at many Division I institutions is a C average through high school. A school finds out a college coach is interested in one of its boys. The boy reads at the fifth-grade level. The boy suddenly becomes an A student. The NCAA has a cisc on file of a New York athlete who showed colleges three different transcripts—three different sets of grades. But such examples no longer need be cited to prove that a problem exists. After the academic scandals that have made headlines with regularity over the last six months only the terminally naive can deny the existence of a deliberate, pervasive warping of the system. And the seemingly mandatory cop-out of coaches and administrators when caught—that "this is an isolated instance"—doesn't wash any longer.

Occasionally a coach will stop singing the fraternity song and level with the world. One is Pepper Rodgers: "If I were coaching at a school where you could give a guy five hours of correspondence courses during the summer to keep him eligible, hell, yes. I'd give 'em to him. So would every other

football coach, to my knowledge. Why? Because that would be the rule at that school, and the alumni are going to fire me and my wife and my kids and my assistant coaches and their families if a 6' 2", 220-pound halfback who can run the 40 in 4.5 isn't eligible and we don't win football games." (Rodgers was fired by Georgia Tech last December.)

And a former football coach in Utah, who begs anonymity, says, "I'd love to have players who're great athletes and great students. But it boils down to this: a coach can't always get kids that qualify as both. So I adopted this formula: sprinkle in as many brilliant students as possible who can play a respectable brand of football. Then go out and find the guys who don't give a damn about academics but want to make football their meat. Let the geniuses play a little bit. Let the All-America dummies play a lot. Then every time a genius does something brilliant on the field, play it up four times as much as what the dummy did. The college world and professors eat that sort of thing right up."

But for the most part there is collective silence and the academic pantomime goes on, played out by a cast of coaches, faculty members, parents and community leaders. Reginald Brown, the principal of Chicago Vocational High School, calls it "a status thing." The cast members almost invariably justify their duplicity by asking, "How can you deprive a kid of a college education?" But is it education? And are not every student's academic accomplishments diminished by the hypocrisy, curriculum juggling and outright cheating?

"It's prevalent and it's accepted... [but] it's a cancer," says Brown. "If you let a kid pass when he doesn't deserve to and the other students and staff members know it, it breaks down all the respect and discipline at the school. It erodes the whole network of education."

Chaos can have gentle beginnings. Bill Walsh sees the educational plight of today's athlete as an evolutionary process that ends in dehumanization. It begins with concern and caring. "It starts from the day a Little League coach takes a youngster under his wing and tells the boy he can be a great baseball player," says Walsh. "But to do it, he tells the boy, 'you've got to forgo all the other sports—no tennis, no swimming. Never mind the piano, practice your baseball.'" The Little League coach cares. He enjoys his work and, naturally, he'd like to develop a baseball player.

"The boy enrolls in high school, and the coach there sees his potential. He wants the youngster to have the 'opportunity to excel.' Whether the coach realizes it or not, he starts directing the boy's life—telling him what classes to take, giving him a course of study that doesn't challenge him in the classroom or develop the disciplines of the mind that will best serve him in society.

"The parents fall into the trap. They're happy their son is being 'taken care of.' If he is really exceptional in athletics, the townspeople get involved, from the mayor on down. They treat him specially, to the point where he doesn't have a real perspective on life. 'Things' are done for him. No one wants to spoil his chances to make it big.

"The college recruiter visits. He tells the parents that he will 'take care' of their boy, make sure this or that doesn't

happen, that he'll have the best of this and that. Still the young man hasn't had to deal with the day-to-day frustrations other youngsters face. He's quite willing to accept this attention—his name in the paper, a suit of clothes, being steered away from classes he "won't need." After all, he's going to be a pro.

"The boy goes through his college career 'protected.' Special dormitories, special food, carefully chosen courses. He lives with youngsters of the same interests. There are no distractions, no problems, no frustrations. We coaches feel we have to try harder and harder, because that's what our competition does, and so we do more and more to segregate the athlete. And he goes willingly.

"We do everything but educate him. We're afraid he'll fail, so we look for ways of making it easier instead of ways to educate him. Soon his entire outlook is distorted.

"It can be devastating."

Thus, the devastation begins long before the student-athlete reaches for the top rung of the educational ladder, and there's little the colleges can do about the failure below. Whether or not a high school diploma is much more than a certificate of attendance is outside the NCAA's jurisdiction so long as the student's record is dutifully recorded on the proper transcript form. Universities know that often the secondary schools are writing fiction—about non-athletes as well as athletes. SAT scores for all high schoolers, which the schools can't tamper with, have fallen at a rate of 2½ points a year over the last decade, indicating that incoming freshmen are more poorly prepared than they used to be. Many colleges have had to set up massive and expensive remedial reading and mathematics programs for first-year students. Ohio State found that more than half its freshman class in 1978 needed remedial math and a fourth needed remedial English.

A unique comparative study was recently completed by Dr. Alvin C. Earsch, currently the president of the Academy for Educational Development. In 1928 he administered a reading examination for 1,313 freshmen at the University of Minnesota and 4,191 high school seniors in the state. In 1978 he gave the same test to a similarly diverse group of 865 freshmen at Minnesota, and the scores were significantly poorer across the board. The freshmen of '78 even tested at a lower reading level than the high school seniors of '28. And it wasn't just that a larger slice of the population (45.5%) goes to college now than did in 1928 (12%), resulting in a lower average score. In the top 1%, the very best of '78 tested at a significantly lower level than the very best of a half century ago.

From the moment the student-athlete sets foot on campus, the name of the game is "majoring in eligibility," and it is a vulgar, callous, shameful, cynical—and perfectly legal—exploitation of the system by and for the American college athlete. The formal term for it is "normal progress toward a degree." But the NCAA's definition of "progress" won't be found in any dictionary; for one thing, "progress" in the student-athlete lexicon can mean no progress at all.

Here is how Bernard Madison of Chicago was making "progress" toward a degree at Montana State University:

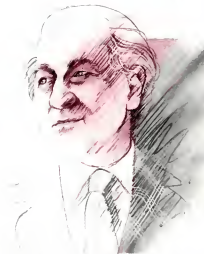
Madison is 20 years old. At Hirsch High School on the South Side of Chicago, he grew to be 6' 5" tall and a better-than-average basketball player. Maybe not a pro prospect, but good enough to make first team of the All-City squad in 1978. He graduated with a 2.7 grade-point average, which put him in a good position to make basketball pay for his higher education.

Chick Sherrer, president of Athletes For Better Education, wrote the following evaluation of Madison's academic prospects in a profile book that AFBE sends out annually to college recruiters: "Bernard [is qualified], but his program of studies over the last two high school years has not been the most solid college preparatory. This is his second year in the AFBE program and we have been impressed consistently with his uprightness, courtesy and classroom co-operation. He may never set the academic world on fire, but his lamp of learning will burn with a steady, carefully-tended light."

These are the courses Montana State arranged for Madison to take to keep his lamp burning through the first half of his first basketball season—Basketball Fundamentals and Techniques, Basketball Philosophy, Physical Conditioning, Wrestling Theory, General Biology (health) and Safety With Hand Power Tools. Madison earned a B average.

After the semester was up, Madison called Sherrer, almost in tears. He said he realized he wasn't going to make a million dollars playing for the Celtics, but at this rate he wouldn't even be able to get a decent job after his "edu-

continued



Olinowski's Winter found "normal progress" could mean no progress.

STUDENT-ATHLETES

continued

cation." He said he had arranged to switch some classes for the next semester, working into his schedule some English, some math, some general economics. But by this time, Madison says, Montana State had "destroyed my motivation." He stayed on through most of the second semester, withdrawing just before finals. He has since enrolled at Chicago State University, where he is taking the courses necessary for him to begin his sophomore year there next autumn as a history major.

University of Cincinnati President Henry R. Winkler was equally unhappy upon discovering what "normal progress" can mean. When he addressed his school's faculty senate about an NCAA probe of recruiting violations that had led to sanctions against Cincinnati, he said he had decided to go beyond the NCAA's investigation to see what kind of academic performance was pissing for "progress" by athletes in his school.

Among his findings was the case of a basketball player, a member of the Bearcats' 1,000-point club, who had spent four years at Cincinnati and had accumulated approximately 50 credits, barely 25% of the number that is required for graduation.

Winkler was stunned. "When I looked through [the] transcript, I realized there was no way in which anyone could argue that this person was making reasonable progress toward a degree—even an Associate of Arts, which is a two-year degree. He had played four years of basketball."

Winkler also said, "I think I need to assure the faculty that I am a believer in intercollegiate athletics. I also will

be damned if I am going to be president of a university in which substantial corruption in athletics is the rule."

Winkler then told his faculty that "slovenliness and the lack of concern on the part of administrators and athletic personnel" was over. Cincinnati, he said, would no longer allow "a mockery of the educational system."

One other fact bothered Winkler. He said he thought the two-year probation imposed by the NCAA for the recruiting violations was "appropriate," but "nowhere in that report did the NCAA show any interest whatsoever in the question of the academic performance of athletes. In effect, they were saying, 'We don't give a damn whether your people are academically eligible, whether they go to school or not.' That may be a harsh reading, but it is the only conclusion I can draw from the evidence I have before me."

Welcome to "normal progress," Mr. President.

Well then, what is "normal progress toward a degree"? Basically it is a mishmash the NCAA—meaning the member schools, not the paid staff in Shawnee Mission, Kans.—has concocted. The membership resists hard-and-fast "normal progress" rules. Led by the Ivy League, it wants autonomy in scholastic matters and the right of "like institutions with like needs" to handle academic requirements as they see fit. The NCAA requires only that an athlete be "in good academic standing as determined by the faculty" of his school, that he be "enrolled in at least a minimum full-time program of studies" and that he maintain "satisfactory progress toward a baccalaureate or equivalent degree as determined by . . . that institution."

The NCAA's minimum standard is that a student-athlete must be registered in at least 12 hours of course work per semester or quarter, but in practice the demands vary from conference to conference and school to school. Most of the major conferences require 24 semester hours passed per year; the Big Ten requires more; the Ivy League doesn't spell it out. There is no central monitoring of progress, no clear-cut guideline on curricula.

The Big Ten, Big Eight and Mid-America conferences have a minimum grade-point-average requirement; the Southern, Southeastern, Southwest and Pac-10 do not. Even within conferences there is confusion. At Georgia, for example, the grade-point-average requirement rises according to hours attempted—which, thereby, penalizes an athlete who chooses to take a heavy academic load—so an athlete could be eligible by NCAA and SEC standards and not by Georgia's. Even then, says Registrar Bruce Shutt, an athlete could remain eligible by moving from major to major, "as long as the dean okays it."

There is also the matter of curriculum, and how to get through by feeding on such soufflés as Family Financial Planning and Household Equipment (actually offered by many schools) while avoiding courses that are required for a major—and, hence, a degree. By dancing (literally, in some instances) through a hodgepodge of introductory-level "life-science," "appreciation" and P.E. courses, a student-athlete can build up credits while making no progress toward getting a diploma or an education.

"Every institution has ways to keep an athlete eligible," says a veteran Big Ten coach. "You know it, I know it, ev-

continued



Etch's discovered his "scholarship" was a loan, his "education" a joke

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everybody knows it—but that doesn't mean he'll graduate." He describes an example in which a freshman is signed up "for five hours of football, five hours of basketball, five hours of golf, five hours of tennis, five hours of volleyball, five hours of swimming and five hours of track."

"If he makes A's in all those courses, he builds up a great grade-point. Do you know how hard it is to tear down an average that starts with 35 hours of A's? Almost impossible. That's a lot of B's, allowing things like that. A kid comes to his senior season and hasn't taken Freshman English yet. Don't laugh. I know of two fine backs who have to pass Freshman English this summer if they want to play their last season."

"It's easy," admits an NCAA official. "You simply avoid core-curriculum-type courses that are required to move you into a degree-granting program. Many schools have no exact time when you have to declare your major. You can slide around. Take every service class, participate in activity courses, learn how to officiate a volleyball game or how to play badminton, and get nowhere. Then, when you run out of easy ones and have to declare a major, you simply change majors—move from one study group to another, satisfying the language of 'progress' without progressing at all."

Over the years there has been relatively little discussion on the floor at NCAA conventions about normal progress, despite the fact that in its present form it is, in the words of the NCAA's Assistant Executive Director Bill Hunt, "almost impossible to police. There are too many variations to cope with." Investigators have found that in some cases not even the academic dean knew all the rules. "One school allowed a kid who had dropped out for a year to reenter although he was failing before he dropped out and had done nothing to change that situation," Hunt says. "It was a 'brain school' on the East Coast. The school had a 'rule' to cover it."

So much for how a student-athlete can be legally kept in a four-year school. Getting him there often presents no more difficult a problem. Incestuous relationships outside the province of the NCAA have arisen among some junior colleges with loose academic standards and athletic departments at four-year schools looking for a place to "season" high school athletes they can't get into school or those they need to "place" so as not to expend too many of their valuable (and limited) athletic scholarships on iffy prospects.

Junior (or community) colleges began to multiply when enrollment at four-year schools got tight in the '50s. Generally they serve a good purpose—giving slow starters a leg up or admitting those who cannot afford a major college. In most states a high school diploma isn't required for admission to a J.C.

Once in junior college, a student who hasn't graduated from high school must maintain a certain grade-point average and pass X number of hours (usually 2.0 and 48 hours) to qualify for a four-year school—but the curricula are often undemanding, and there is no organization to act as a watchdog over such standards as do exist.

And if a coach's prize recruit with fifth-grade reading skills or his J.C. All-American transfer with no discernible academic background isn't making it in the dancing classes at



College was neither Harris' path to the pros nor his road to a degree

State U., well, then there are always extension courses.

If the recent scandals at Arizona State and New Mexico revealed anything, they exposed the temptations posed by extension programs, some of which apparently can be taught anywhere—in a garage or in somebody's rumpus room. Sometimes these courses are Mickey Mouse electives, the direct descendants of the old "basket-weaving" classes.

As colleges have sought more and varied ways to extend their educational offerings, and in the process reap more revenues, coaches have been equally inventive at finding more dodges for keeping their athletes eligible. Under the umbrella of "continuing education" most colleges today offer a staggering variety of both pre- and post-baccalaureate "adult" programs—off campus and on, weekends and nights, with life-experience credits and correspondence credits. In some cases the schools under whose auspices extension courses are given don't appear to be overly concerned about who takes the courses and whether the students do the work the classes might require.

There are no hard statistics on where all this academic fast shuffle with miscellaneous outside credits and a college's own "gut" courses has led, but there is a strong conviction among critics of the system that it does not lead to the grandiose graduation rates the athletic departments of many four-year schools claim. Unfortunately, short of standing at the auditorium door and counting noses, there is no way to tell. Professor Harry Edwards, the black activist who is a sociologist at the University of California at Berkeley, recently petitioned the NCAA for a breakdown on the di-

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STUDENT-ATHLETES

continued

ploma rate of athletes on scholarship. He wanted to know percentages by sport, race, major fields of study, etc. An NCAA research assistant wrote back, "I can give you no answers to any [of your questions]. I do not know of any study that talks" such things.

Thus, a high graduation rate among student-athletes is easy to claim. Who's going to argue? Especially since 1974, when the so-called Buckley Amendment, which deals with rights of privacy, was passed by Congress. The amendment in effect bars access to a student's grades and certain other education records unless the student approves their release, and many schools interpret the legislation to mean that they must withhold all academic information, even the fact of whether a student graduated. No wonder that when Iowa State boasted of a "76% graduation rate" among its football players last year, former Athletic Academic Adviser Bill Munn of the University of Iowa called it "a lot of poppycock. Show me a Big Eight program that claims it graduates 70% or 80% of its athletes and I'll show you hypocrisy."

Did Munn mean the figures were false?

"Well, yes and no. It's how you count. Iowa and Michigan graduate about 60% of their football players—but that percentage includes all the football players who showed up as freshmen. A lot of high-powered football factories like to tell you how many of the senior players graduate, but they never tell the attrition rate among freshmen and sophomores. Many big programs lose 25 to 30 players the first two years. It looks better if you only count the ones still on the team at the end of four years."



McGill didn't have the strength for the NBA or the studies for a B.A.

The whole thorny issue of what a student-athlete is, and what the process expects of him, and he of it, may be decided by a case in California civil court. There, seven athletes, all dropouts from Cal State at Los Angeles, are suing the school, its president and their three former coaches for \$14 million. They claim breach of contract and misrepresentation—that they were promised basketball scholarships and got, instead, student loans, for which they were billed after their eligibility had expired. They also claim they did not receive anything remotely resembling a college education.

The seven say their coaches virtually worked overtime to keep them from being brushed by the fires of academe. Randy Echols, 26, the group's spokesman, says that the three Cal State coaches did all the classroom "arranging," that there were athletes on the dean's list who read at the third-grade level, that his own arranged schedule included Water Polo, Badminton and Theory of Movement. He says he had dropped such courses "behind his coaches' backs" to pick up economics, English, speech, etc. Echols was a B student and president of the student body at Verbum Dei High in Watts in 1971. He is now a field representative for State Senator Bill Greene.

Echols says the Cal State coaches discouraged players who tried to take courses with substance and got "upset" if athletes tried to change from courses that were certain to keep them eligible. "There was nobody to show those dudes how to study or what to study. They were making A's in Backpacking, Badminton and Archery. They said, 'Hey, an easy A. That's 12 units.' I knew better."

Athletes are the arms and legs and beating hearts of the big business of major college sport. When, in the end, they are cheated out of the one thing they ought to have—an education and the paper that goes with it—it is one of sport's saddest injustices.

For the scholarship player, varsity athletics involves considerably more than games. Practice is long and hard. There are films to watch, wounds to heal, training table and meetings to attend. In the off-season there are fitness and weight-training programs.

Minnesota Center Steve Tobin, a geography major who had a B average, admits that he had dropped all but four credits during the 1978 football season, citing a commitment to his sport that kept him busy "from one in the afternoon to 7:30 almost every night."

"People don't seem to understand what we go through," says Tobin. "I'm a lineman and I have to rest at least an hour every day when I get home from practice until my headache goes away. There's no way I can open a book. When we travel, we leave Friday morning and usually don't get back to Minneapolis until sometime Saturday night. I'm not saying I would study the whole time, but if I wanted to, I could. But not while playing football. The weekend's shot."

Iowa State Athletic Academic Counselor Arch Steel, himself a former football player, was asked if, under present circumstances, the scholarship football or basketball player could fit into the mainstream of college life.

"No way," he replied.

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What happens to the athlete is that he becomes a species apart, residing in an all-jock world. He eats with his kind and lives with his kind. He accepts the fact that he is really more jock than student—and finds that his failures in the classroom aren't nearly as important to him as those on the field.

"When the player finds he can't hack it on the field, it's a blow to his macho ego," says Iowa Academic Adviser Munn. "He can't go home and say, 'I couldn't make the team.' He'd rather say, 'I flunked out.' I don't understand it, but a lot of players flunk on purpose when they see they aren't making it athletically."

"They lead two distinct hard lives," says Dr. Thomas Tutko of San Jose State, a psychology professor and co-author of *Winning Is Everything & Other American Myths*. Tutko teaches a class in Group Dynamics that attracts many San Jose athletes. He is sympathetic. He sees the student-athlete's dilemma "almost as a crime—a hard life as a student, a hard life as an athlete. Injured part of the time, chronically tired. Travel, disruption of classes, lack of consistency. They are really asked to lead almost a semidisturbed life."

Says one WAC conference basketball player who is "getting by" academically: "I've never made any bones about it. I told the recruiters I was going to college to get a shot at the pros. I've never been a student and didn't want to be one in college. Most of the brains aren't real good athletes, because they take too much time reading books when they should be practicing their shots."

Some athletes and many coaches disagree. UCLA's John Wooden, for one, never tires of saying, "I think there is a correlation between athletic success and intelligence." Indeed, there are innumerable examples of true student-athletes who manage to excel at both studies and sports. Three football players at Yale last season were majoring in molecular biophysics. At Kentucky, Linebacker Jim Kovach made All-America in 1978—while he was earning a B average in his first year of medical school and beginning his own family. Stanford senior Kimberly Belton won All-America honorable mention in 1979 in basketball and this season set school career records in scoring (1,615) and rebounding (955), while earning a 3.4 average in Communications. Last week he was named Stanford's student-athlete of the year.

In his own way Billy Harris is equally exceptional. Harris is black, and his perceptions of the problems most black students, particularly black student-athletes, encounter are a mélange of exploitation and educational expediency that must be understood and corrected.

Harris is sitting in an office in downtown Chicago, drinking orange juice from a plastic cup. He is sharp, glib and challenging. His words come in drumming bursts, like hail on a tin roof.

He was raised on Chicago's South Side, in a four-bedroom apartment in a project called Robert Taylor Homes. There were four brothers and a sister. He was the second-oldest boy. His father was gone. His mother was on welfare. She was also "very religious" and "unique." She emphasized the "solid things."

Listen to what Billy Harris has to say:



Edwards wants more blacks training for the professions than the pros.

"I grew up on 39th and Federal, you understand? There's graffiti on the walls that we made. We gang-banged 1st street fights, not sex. Gang-banging is peer pressure. It wasn't like you had a choice. I never grabbed pistols and stuff to go out and shoot people, but there were times when I had to bug a little bit to make it, you know what I mean? That's not something I'm proud of, that's just survival. You can't survive being neutral."

"I played organized basketball as early as grammar school. I could dunk when I was 12 years old. We had a little crisp line going, me and the other young dudes my age, and I came in, man, and I went up on it, you know, and, boom, I threw one down, you dig? These dudes at the other end of the court are high school All-Americans, and they stopped and came down there and said, 'Hey, blood, you know? Let's see you do that again, Jack.' I was five-foot-nine."

"So I came down, and boom, threw another one down. They said, 'Hey, come down to this end.' It didn't dawn on me then what was happening. In less than two months my game went from being a beginner-type dude that could jump and play to being a force. They wanted me to shoot the jumpers, you understand what I'm saying? I knew right then there was something different about my game."

"We'd hit 60, 70 points a game. I didn't measure myself on if we won the game. I measured myself if when the game was over I had my 30 or 35. If I got 26, I didn't feel good. If I got 29, I didn't feel good. I had to do that because I knew I could. In the seventh, eighth grades, at Crispus Attacks, I was always the high-point man."

continued

STUDENT-ATHLETES

continued

"I was recruited from one high school to another. I was at Lindblom Technical. A coach from Dunbar heard about me. He said, 'Hey, you don't need to be there. You need to be here.' I never had a problem with books. I was lucky. I'm above average with that student-type thing. But you can't be a superstar athlete and not be affected.

"I went to this school where they graded you every 10 weeks. At the end of 10 weeks I had a B in this English class, but the teacher died. For the next 10 weeks they gave us a series of substitutes. I decided not to go. At the mid-term, in order to be eligible, I had to be passing all my subjects. The last substitute had only been in the class a couple of weeks, but he wanted to fail me, give me an F, because I hadn't been there. Half the teachers in the school went around to explain to him that he couldn't do that. I got my grade and everything was cool.

"Somebody says, 'Hey, man, that was bad for them to do,' and in a way it was. Some type persons would've relied on that all the way, but I say to myself, 'Hey, you were lucky that time,' you know? If this teacher had a little more guts, he wouldn't have passed me, and that would have been better in the long run. But it's hard to make a guy ineligible if he's pecking your gym.

"The teachers see this. A guy looks at an athlete and says, 'Well, he's an athlete, he's not going to be into books.' The stigma starts there. It's like they're embedding the seeds. You don't have to 'ask' for anything. You get it. Only time you see a counselor is if you're in trouble. Your counselor is the coach, understand what I'm saying? This is what peo-

ple refuse to deal with. An athlete is not a part of the student population.

"I graduated in the top half of my class. I had the second-highest SAT score at Dunbar and was No. 1 in the ACT. And those tests are designed for white middle-class and upper-class dudes. But I knew where the future was. At Dunbar I was 'Billy the Kid.' I wore the special uniform number of the star. My brother had the number when he started. Before him, Kendall Mayfield, drafted by the Knicks. Marvin Stuart, drafted by the 76ers.

"I'm going to tell you the prime thing, what this is all about. I came from a very humble background. I had friends 13-14 years old involved in strong-arm robberies. I couldn't do that. I knew the difference between right and wrong. I thought about the afterwards—about getting caught, about going to jail.

"But basketball let me know I could get anything I wanted, as long as the eligibility held out. Hey, man, I got paid. In high school. I got free lunches, clothes. I went to the prom in a limo. I had money.

"We practiced every day of the year. When you practice that much, it makes whatever you're practicing the most important thing in your life. How can a guy tell you it's not if you're out there practicing on Thanksgiving Day? Then when you get to college, you don't go home for Christmas. You're at school practicing on Christmas Day. You're not a regular student, you're not a regular person.

"In high school I had thought of being an engineer. Scored off the board on the tests. But when you become a talent, the last thing the coach wants to hear is, 'Hey, Coach, I can't make it to practice today because I got to go to the lab and catch up on my engineering.'

"They don't want to hear that. Coaches steer you away from stuff that will tax your mind. They don't give a damn if you're brilliant as hell, they want you in P.E.—or anything where they have some control or input.

"I came out of high school I was 17 years old, you dig? From being a high school student to having to deal with this business aspect. That's what college sports is, and nobody should think otherwise. I was recruited by every major university. I had guys put 5-6-7,000 dollars on the table and say, 'Here, all you got to do is sign this piece of paper.' I'm not going to hurt anybody by telling who it was, that's not my thing.

"But, hey, I wound up going to a school like Northern Illinois, in DeKalb. All right, hey, 1969, I was Public League scoring champion, and I went to Northern Illinois, a school that never had a team anybody ever heard of in any sport. The next year James Bradley—recruited by everybody, including UCLA—he came to Northern. And Cleveland Ivey was there, from Carver. He'd been Public League scoring champion, too.

"You understand what I'm telling you? Northern Illinois, the little school out in the corn. We were ranked 20th and got featured in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. We would've had a championship team, but the NCAA came out and started looking. Don't think that Northern got there by saying, 'All right, we're going to give you guys four years of education.'

"When I left college I took a pay cut. People want to

continued



Street-wise James keeps athletics in perspective at L.A.'s Verbum Dei

"What you do to relax should be as involving as whatever you're relaxing from. Some athletes paint. I play soccer."

LeRoy Neiman



(Artist LeRoy Neiman's uncanny ability to catch the power and poise of athletes in action gives his works a drama and excitement seldom equalled. Critics accuse him of being the most popular painter in America!)

Q. "Involved" relaxation? That's pretty deep

A. Not really. When I paint a sports situation, I'm totally involved. In detail, dynamics—everything. Believe it or not, it's exhausting. So I need an outlet—a counterpoint. But it must be as involving as my work.

Q. Wouldn't jogging do it?

A. Not for me. When you jog, your mind can wander—right back to the day-to-day problems. You may be getting exercise, but you're not getting away.

Q. But isn't soccer simple, too?

A. The action itself is simple. Running, kicking—but the moves in soccer can be as complex or involving as you want to make them. That's the beauty of it. Youngsters can play it all-out. And not-so-youngsters can pace themselves. But fast or slow, soccer demands your full attention. Just like painting.

Q. You sound pretty serious about soccer.

A. I'm serious about the enjoyment I get from it. I even like the esthetics of soccer—the form and the flow of the action. And soccer gives me a lift. The more I play it, the better I look. I don't need to be in super shape, but I need to feel good.

Q. Can we look for you in the World Cup Soccer Playoffs?

A. Sure. Painting them. But if you want to see Neiman the soccer player, drop by Central Park any morning. We'll start you out as goalie.

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STUDENT-ATHLETES

continued

think guys don't get paid for playing basketball in college, that's their business. We're psyched into thinking that it's good, healthy, all-American fun. That's the thing that hurts the most. All the crap they shoot into your mind. But I was treated super at Northern Illinois.

"But if you get ineligible or decide you want to be in business school, which is what I wanted to do, they're going to come snatch that scholarship from under your ass. I could've got my degree at Northern, I could've graduated on time. I had a 3.2 average. I always carried a full load—over a full load. I was going for a B.S. in phys ed, but I took a lot of history courses—Roman History, all of 'em. Hey, it ain't so tough to get good grades. There's always a way to get around anything. I'm very intelligent, but I'm not above taking a break.

"But I went from being almost like a god to no one really caring. You don't see that until you're 20 or 21, when your four years of eligibility are up. I need six hours to get my degree.

"I got drafted by the Bulls in the seventh round in 1973. It was a big letdown, you understand what I'm saying? I went from seeing headlines—HARRIS NEAR SILVER LINING, MILLION DOLLAR DECISION—to being drafted in the seventh. Hey, that will make you deal with reality.

"The Bulls gave me a \$2,000 bonus, and I wound up getting cut. 'Attitude,' they said. It's been six years since I left college. I've been kept in limbo all that time. I played in the Eastern League. I played overseas—in the Philippines, in Europe—you understand what I'm saying? I could still be a force in the league.

"I've gotten by. I can get up in the morning and put on Pierre Cardin slacks. I've got two Cadillacs to drive. A lot of guys work all their lives and never get to drive a 'hog."

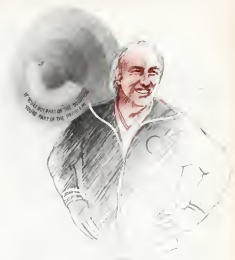
"Last year I was counselor for a job-placement agency, but it's closed down now. I was interviewing kids at a half-way house. I was trying to show kids what's in my life, you understand what I'm saying? I want to be a positive influence.

"It's wrong for a guy to get a taste of the pie and then not get any more. The experience was more disappointing than if I'd never been in the NBA. Like going to the desert and getting one sip of water. I'm 28 years old now. I've always had a plan to deal with my life.

"Right now I'm trying to get enough money together to go back to school. Probably Northern Illinois. I don't care about any permanent job now.

"I can't say in truth that basketball and athletics were worth it. Sometimes I ride through the old neighborhood. I see the graffiti. I think about the things we did. After all the crap, a lot of the time I think, 'Maybe I would've been a lawyer now, or even a doctor,' you understand what I'm saying? I had potential."

The pro myth thrives on an irresistible hype. There are two pots of gold at the end of the rainbow, and their names are National Basketball Association and National Football League. The sports pages are full of the figures to be made—exciting, stupefying sums—on the average, \$160,000 a year in the NBA, \$69,000 a year in the NFL. Agents who swarm



Sherris and his AFBE may be part of the solution for student-athletes.

over the games like locusts tell how those figures are enhanced by tax shelters and the like, how their maneuvers result in financial coups for the superstars.

The colleges pitch in. They have to; they are part of the mechanism. Since television got its thumb on the windpipe, there is so much money to be made in big-time sports that everybody cooperates. (When asked once why the NBA doesn't have a farm system, President and General Manager Red Auerbach of the Boston Celtics replied incredulously, "What for? We have the greatest farm system in the world—the colleges.") The colleges know they cannot justify their sellout by saying they'll use the loot to give athletes better academic training, so they try to justify it with dream talk. School publicists send out press releases bragging about their ability to place players in pro ball and decorate the pages of their sports brochures with photographs of those who have "graduated" to the pros. Last year the University of Miami shamelessly produced a four-color recruiting poster, captioned a PIPELINE TO THE PROS, that included pictures of those Hurricane players who had "made it."

It is a pipeline to disillusionment and heartbreak. Never mind that of the 188 Pac-10 players in the NFL during the 1979 season, only 66 have their degrees. Never mind that four out of five NBA players haven't graduated from college, that almost two-thirds of all NFL players do not have diplomas. Never mind those figures, because they apply to the players who have "made it." Look instead at the multitude

continued

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Ahead in service

Goodyear has over 1,350 service stores across the country that offer full-line professional car service—from alignments to tuneups, from wheel balancing to mufflers. And Goodyear was the first company to back this service with a nationwide limited warranty, good for at least 90 days or 3,000 miles. If warranty work is ever required, and you're more than 50 miles from the store that did the work, go to any Goodyear Service Store nationwide, and they'll fix it free.



Ahead with lighter brakes

Weight is the enemy of flight, so aircraft designers go to a lot of trouble to save ounces. The Goodyear carbon brakes on the F-16 save more than 50 pounds over conventional steel-disk brakes. Goodyear also supplies the F-16's tires, wheels, anti-skid controls and the brake-by-wire system, which transmits signals electronically from brake pedals to brake control valves, eliminating hydro-mechanical linkages. This system is the first of its kind on any U.S. production aircraft.

moves out front, out ahead



Ahead in convenience

Soft-drink bottles made with Goodyear's Clearcut polyester resin are shatterproof. And they're 13 times lighter than glass. Best of all, you can recycle them into anything from floor tiles to fishing line. With 30 bottles you can even make a three-piece suit. Goodyear developed this resin, and makes more of it than anyone else.



Ahead in easy rolling

After extensive developmental testing—on dynamometer, road and test track—the Goodyear Arriva is now on the market. It's engineered for the fuel-economy needs of the 1980's. With a special easy-rolling tread rubber. And a high-pressure shape that you can inflate to 35 psi—which cuts rolling resistance still more. It also has an aggressive tread design for all-season capability. The Arriva is the latest reason why more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind.

GOODYEAR
Out front. Pulling away.

(ii) hooked youngsters who are throwing away their education a little bit every day to follow the pro dream; they are the real tragedy. No one is writing puff sheets about them.

According to the National Federation of State High School Associations, every year close to 700,000 boys play high school basketball and one million play high school football. On the varsities at NCAA institutions, those numbers are reduced to 15,000 in basketball and 41,000 in football. In the NFL, about 320 college-draft choices come to camp each year; roughly 150 make it. On the average, those rookies who succeed play pro ball for 4.2 seasons. About 4,000 players complete their college basketball careers each year, approximately 700 get drafted by the 22 NBA teams, around 50 actually make a team. The average NBA career lasts 3.4 seasons.

If the odds were displayed on a tote board, no one would take them. Thousands and thousands to 1 against making the pros. Harry Edwards is on target when he calls it "a cruel hoax" and says that it is statistically "easier to become a doctor or a lawyer." He might well add that the colleges' willingness to participate in this fraud is at best shameful.

"We hold out the carrot of athletic scholarships and point to the pot of gold in the pros," says Dr. John C. Wright, professor of human development and psychology at the University of Kansas. Then when the athletes prove to be classroom liabilities, "we force-feed them with tutoring, don't give them a first-class education and turn them out with few prospects except pro ball."

The pro myth does its worst damage to those in the system who can least afford further exploitation—the black athletes. "The myth of sports as a way of upward mobility" for young men like Billy Harris reaches its "true definition in the pros," says Edwards. "There are fewer than 1,000 blacks making a living playing professional sports, while every black kid is busting his butt so he can make it, too." Spurred on by a misguided notion of athletic black supremacy and served a daily diet of pro athletes as role models, "perhaps three million black youths between 13 and 22 are out there dreaming of careers as professional athletes," says Edwards. "The odds against them are worse than 20,000 to 1."

Ron Johnson, twice an All-Pro running back with the Giants, calls it "the rude awakening. All those skinny little guys with glasses? Always studying? Well, by the time they're 30, they're doctors or lawyers or successful businessmen and just beginning to cash in on those years of struggling. But the football player is almost always through by that age, and then he goes from earning maybe \$100,000 a year, maybe more, to maybe nothing."

Walter (Flea) Roberts, a former roommate of Edwards' at San Jose State, made it to the Cleveland Browns as a 152-pound kick returner, but didn't get his degree. Roberts is one of the lucky ones. He has done well as a San Francisco sales executive and is not a bitter man. He has a Kierkegaardian approach to life—you are, he says, "the prime reason for what happens to you." If you allow yourself to

fall into a pattern of relying on someone else to hold your hand, as so many athletes do, he says, you'll surely wind up "a goner."

The worst thing of all, says Roberts, is the aftermath. "If you don't get that diploma, there's no way you'll be better off for having been to college when you go back to Bedford-Stuyvesant or Watts or the Hough area in Cleveland. There's nothing there. I've been to those places, and there's nothing there that I care to be around."

The dream dies hard. In the ghettos, it never seems to die. Last summer the *Los Angeles Times* scoured the playgrounds and gymnasiums of the inner city to take a look at the teen-agers who ply the backwaters of basketball.

The *Times* found that coaches in the inner city made no pretenses about what life was all about there. A ninth-grader who said he was "recruited" by five different high school coaches was asked if any of them had mentioned academics. "No," he said. Mike Montgomery, one of those L.A. playground stars, says, "You think if you don't make the pros, life is over." He calls it "psycho desire."

Bill McGill has been at the top. And back down. McGill was made for basketball. At 12, he was six feet tall and already a hero. At Jefferson High in downtown L.A., the hero went to class, but "didn't study." His friends didn't care, and neither did his teachers. He had a C average. Two hundred and fifty colleges sought his signature on a scholarship. He accepted one from the University of Utah, where the coach, Jack Gardner, found him "an ideal player, almost a model." He led the nation in scoring in 1961-62, with 38.8 points per game.

McGill was the second black to attend Utah on a basketball scholarship. They were the "good times," he says. "I really enjoyed it, and I did pretty good in class." A Utah assistant coach remembers that McGill "went to class and tried," but tutors had to be hired.

A semester short of graduation, McGill dropped out of school. He had been selected No. 1 in the 1962 NBA draft, by the Chicago Zephyrs. It was a great honor. Had he come out of college 10 years later, it would have meant a lot of money up front. McGill had no agent, but he walked out of the Zephyrs' office "the happiest guy in the world." He had been given a \$5,000 bonus and \$17,000 a year for two years. With the bonus he bought an Austin-Healey 3000. The salary was to be the most money he ever earned.

Bill Sharman, the general manager of the Los Angeles Lakers, remembers McGill as possessing "the most fantastic turnaround jump hook there was. Nobody could stop it." But McGill didn't have the strength to play the post against the likes of Wilt Chamberlain and Bill Russell and wasn't quick enough to play the corner on defense.

After his first season, the Zephyrs moved to Baltimore and McGill was traded to the New York Knicks. The Knicks sent him a contract for \$10,000. It was downhill McGill from then on, to the St. Louis Hawks, to Grand Rapids of the old Continental Basketball Association, to the Lakers, to the Warriors. He played his last game for Dallas of the American Basketball Association in 1970. He was 28, with no money in the bank and no way of making a living.

"All I'd ever done was play ball," he says. "I literally

continued



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STUDENT-ATHLETES

continued

walked the streets for a couple of years, trying to find a job. Any job." One night, in 1972, he found himself in a high-rise office building on Wilshire Boulevard, working for a janitorial service—scrubbing floors for \$84 a week.

"I couldn't believe what had happened. I said to myself, 'Hey, I'm Bill McGill. This can't be happening.' " To his horror, he found he couldn't even scrub floors well. "I got fired because I couldn't swing a mop in that sweeping motion they use. My mother taught me to mop pushing it back and forth, but in those big buildings you cover a lot more floor space with the swinging motion."

He talked to "everyone you can imagine," looking for a job. "I slept in laundromats, bus stops, you name it, trying to find something. I even contacted the president of Utah to see if I could get an honorary degree, just so I could put it on applications."

Brad Pye Jr., sports editor of the *Los Angeles Sentinel* and the man who first called McGill "Billy the Hill," managed in 1972 to find him a job in general procurement at Hughes Aircraft in El Segundo. When a piece of equipment was lost in transit, it was McGill's job to "get on the phone and start tracking it down."

Although he worked at the same job without promotion for more than seven years, McGill slowly paid off some of the bills he had accumulated as a pro player. Of the \$290 he earned each week, he took home only \$62; the rest was deducted from his check and turned over to the Hughes credit union, which was clearing up McGill's old obligations for him. His wife, Gwen, an executive secretary at Hughes, took

care of the bulk of the living expenses for the family, which includes two sons, Tommy, now 14, and Myron, now 15.

Last fall the roof once again caved in. In October, McGill aggravated a back condition that dates to his days as a pro. He wound up in the hospital, where he was in traction for a week. He filled out all the forms for medical leave from work, but his authorized absences extended only through Nov. 19. He was informed by telegram in late November that he had lost his job. "A technicality," he says, "but it was really something between me and my boss."

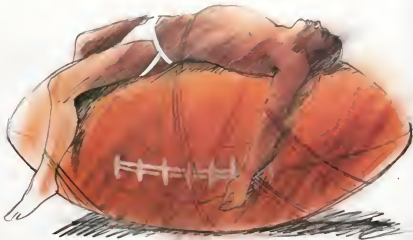
McGill didn't feel he had been treated fairly, particularly considering that he had worked at Hughes for seven years, and filed a discrimination suit with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission that is scheduled to be heard on June 2. Once again healthy, he has applied several times to get a different job at Hughes but at the moment is still on the unemployment line.

Out of all McGill's frustrations, there is hope. He has completed his autobiography. The manuscript of *From the Hill to the Valley* is 254 pages long—handwritten—and awaiting a publisher. And lest anyone wonder, McGill can tell you for sure: there are no ghostwriters for fallen stars.

"I hung all my dreams on being a basketball player," he says. "Basketball was my whole life."

The dilemma of black athletes in American higher education has taken on a new dimension since Jack Olsen examined their exploitation 12 years ago (*SI*, July 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29, 1968). For one thing, the larger number of blacks

continued



Having been taught only how to excel on the field, the student-athlete often finds, upon leaving college, that he has become a sacrificial victim of his sport.

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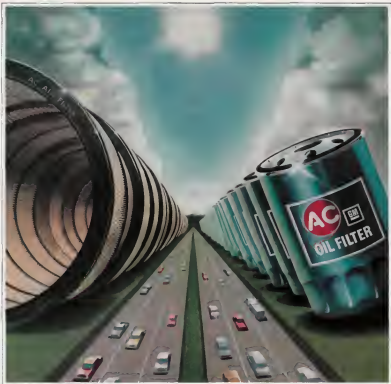
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on athletic teams has all but obliterated the "tokenism" of the '60s. Schools that were once bastions of segregation now applaud basketball and football teams that are fully integrated. The University of Arkansas, for example, had one black athlete in 1968, or less than one-half of 1% of its student-athletes. By 1977 the figure had risen to 26%.

But only a fool would argue that being black is no longer a liability on American campuses. In fact, as far as black student-athletes are concerned, matters may have gotten worse in one very crucial respect. There's a big difference between getting into a university and getting out with a degree. More black athletes graduate from colleges every year, but the evidence suggests that the ratio of those who do to those who don't has declined.

Confused interpretations of "privacy laws" thwart attempts to come up with an accurate figure, but there are some stunning "estimates." Harry Edwards checked the graduation rate of the University of California's black scholarship athletes from 1971 to 1978 and found that "between 70% and 80% didn't graduate—even the ones who came to Berkeley with two years of junior college."

Edwards admits his study was "highly personal," but his requests to see a survey Cal itself recently made were turned down. Athletic Director Dave Maggard said releasing it would "serve no good purpose."

The only thing resembling an official progress report on black athletes was made six years ago as part of the Hartford study for the American Council on Education. An appended report by Dr. Roscoe C. Brown Jr. found that "twice as many white athletes graduate as blacks," that "82% of the white athletes graduated at one school, 46% of the blacks," and that, at another college, "only 12 of 46 black athletes got their degrees."

Recently, the president of a university that had been rocked by a local lawyer's allegations that black players weren't getting their degrees ordered an internal study of graduation rates there. The results were given to SI with the provision that the school not be named—for "recruiting reasons." They showed that of 91 blacks on varsity teams from 1968 to 1979, only 10 had graduated. Thirteen more were on the verge of doing so, which meant that if all of them made it, the sad total would be 23 out of 91.

Many factors are blamed for such grim statistics, and most of them are not new: the socioeconomic handicaps of being black; the failures of education at the lower levels; the declining standards that permit the "pampered" athlete to be swept through the system until the day diplomas are handed out. Allowing athletes to go unchallenged scholastically is a permission slip to heartbreak. Educators have a term for it: the "Hawthorne Effect"—students will perform up to or down to the levels expected of them.

A decade ago black academicians at NCAA schools were among those who led the movement to get admission standards lowered. They urged this policy on the reasonable grounds that the high percentage of blacks still forced to attend substandard, overcrowded urban schools were denied equal educational opportunity and that opening classroom doors as wide as possible would create an atmosphere of acceptance that would lead to greater achievement. Recently,

a growing number of black educators have been calling for quite different measures—including more selective admissions and academic standards. They see present policies as being not only delusive but also counterproductive.

Dr. C.D. Henry, an assistant commissioner of the Big Ten, has strong reservations about open admissions. He favors a policy that would factor in a high school athlete's rank in class as well as his grade-point average and his SAT or ACT score.

"The focus should be on education rather than eliminating tests," says Dr. Roscoe Brown, president of Bronx Community College and former director of New York University's Institute of Afro-American Affairs. "I would support the trend toward competency tests for high school graduation. But if you don't want to have them, if you want to keep letting people in the open door, you should keep the corridors open so that the students can get out of the open door with some skills at the end. If a school takes underprepared players, it has some responsibility to see that those athletes get something out of their experience other than four varsity letters."

Brown, 58, a three-sport athlete at Springfield (Mass.) College, calls the big-time sports on campus the "jock trap." He believes all college athletes are exploited, but that "the main difference is the white athlete doesn't know how bad the situation is and the black athlete does." He believes that the cynicism of the sports system reaches its peak in the black community, which "collectively cannot afford to have its resources ripped off and diverted. More emphasis has to be placed on education. We'll still have top black athletes, but we'll also have more black doctors, educators and political scientists."

"It is coming down to a crisis of the '80s for the black athlete," says Edwards. "The situation is worse than sorry, it borders on criminal. You are talking about 60% of these 20th-century gladiators not graduating, ending up skill-less and with a sense of failure—as if they had the chance and blew it. You are talking about functional illiteracy. Reading and writing are the stock of higher education, and many of these athletes simply do not have them. When a person on the edge of illiteracy enters an academic community he is doubly alienated because he's completely without tools."

There is at least one place where the tools of learning are pressed into the hands of young blacks. Father Thomas A. James believes in athletics and the possibilities they generate for young men. James is a Catholic priest who is working toward a master's degree in psychology from Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles. He is athletic, urbane, tough, outspoken, 37 years old—and black. He is the vice-principal and academic counselor at Verbum Dei High in inner-city Los Angeles. Verbum Dei has an all-male enrollment of 300—mostly black.

For much of its 19-year existence, Verbum Dei has been well known for its superb basketball teams. But it has accomplished other significant—though less noted—things. Today 80% of Verbum Dei's seniors go to college. Sixty percent get degrees. A Verbum Dei graduate was a Rhodes scholar.

continued

It wasn't always that way. "When I came here 10 years ago, I wanted to teach Shakespeare," says James. "The kids laughed at me. I teach Shakespeare now."

James is sitting on the floor at his residence on Crenshaw Street, wearing Bermuda shorts and lounging at an angle to catch the warm afternoon breeze through the open window. Noises from the street come in with the breeze.

"We don't have 200 electives here," he says. "We have math, social studies, religion, science, a language. P.E., too, but only for sophomores. We don't have shop. We don't have arts and crafts. We don't allow any 'Black English.' Black English is b.s. The people who make you think Black English is O.K. are making \$100,000 a year. Let your kids buy that argument and see how well they make it in the real world."

"You don't raise people up by lowering standards. Lowering standards is not a solution, it's an acceptance of getting by. You don't demand less, you demand more. To pass a math course at Verbum Dei you have to make at least a C. We used to pass them with Ds. We were teaching kids to belazy."

"Values have to be qualified. We had open-ended admissions. We put a lid on. We said, 'You can't get in if you don't raise your grades.' They did. In urban schools, teachers and educators tend to believe their students are inferior. Unconsciously, they give that message to the kids, and the kids act it out. It's a self-fulfilling prophecy."

Athletes get no special treatment at Verbum Dei. No privileges, no excuses to get out of anything. "We don't take for granted that they won't be academically inclined," James says. "Some we push, some we talk to, some we kick in the pants—but if they can make it on the basketball court, they can make it in class. Last season we suspended our best athlete for a month for horsing around in class."

Verbum Dei takes pride in its toughness. Every new student is tested and must go to summer school before his first year at Verbum Dei. "If you can't read, you can't get in," says James. "It's too late for you then. It's ridiculous for a college to take a kid who reads at the third-grade level. It's too late."

Verbum Dei discipline is rigid. No tennis shoes in class, no blue jeans. No alcohol, no smoking, no radios, no tape recorders on the school premises. No gum chewing or candy or food on campus. Everybody wears a tie. "Kids say, 'Why I got to wear a tie?' Because we have external discipline. You can't make these decisions for yourself."

"There is a five-man disciplinary board and daily monitoring. We make locker checks. We let them know we're watching. I tell them, 'I love you, but you do something wrong. I'll punish you.' If they have any complaints, I make them write them out—in legible English. They hate it, but they do it."

"We have a responsibility at Verbum Dei. Black male tradition has had its problems in our society. So we tell them, 'Look, you've got to get off your ass. Your mother and daddy might not be together, you might be living with your

grandma. That's O.K. We can deal with that. But when you go into the classroom, you can't say, 'I want all kinds of attention now.' The hell with that. The teacher can't teach because you want attention."

"And we have to keep preaching that and preaching that and preaching that. People have died so these kids can go to school. To be unproductive is a sin."

"The joy I get from teaching at Verbum Dei isn't seeing a kid get a basketball scholarship. It's knowing that when he gets it he can do something with it. That he can cope with the college environment—he can read, he can handle himself. Take the cases of some of the best basketball players we've ever had here. David Greenwood got his history degree at UCLA last year. Roy Hamilton got his in theater. Rickie Hawthorne got his in economics at Cal. They were challenged in high school."

"You judge a school or a college by the way it helps a kid become the person he should be. The school that lets a kid slide and gives him a B-plus isn't helping him. I'm from Louisiana. I know what it means to ask for a job and have a guy spit on you. But I'm not bitter, because the situation has changed. Kids have an opportunity today. They can get into college, choose a major, get a scholarship, get financial aid, get a tutor, get a part-time job. They can better the quality of their lives."

"I have no use for colleges that 'protect' athletes—keep them from this or that course, or this or that professor. People say, 'The experience is enough, just being on campus is enough.' It's not. The athlete needs that piece of paper. If all he's going to see for four years is the gym, it's no good."

Father James is program director of the Los Angeles branch of the Chicago-based Athletes For Better Education. Unquestionably, young athletes need more men like James calling scholastic signals and more schools like Verbum Dei to call them in. They also need more organizations like Athletes For Better Education.

AFBE is now nearly four years old. The brainchild of educator and former Princeton basketball player Chick Sherrer, it is a non-profit organization with an annual budget of more than \$500,000, 50% of which comes from fund-raising events and the rest from contributions from United Way, government agencies and 40 private corporations and foundations. In Chicago its big activity is a two-week summer camp at a local college where 125 or so of the city's top high school players mix basketball with daily four-hour doses of reading and writing and two hours of counseling. AFBE charts the players' physical and cerebral progress and publishes an annual booklet that summarizes each youngster's potential. The booklet goes out to college recruiters.

But the problem is much too deep and the abuses too vast to expect reformers, no matter how well motivated, to make a decisive impact. Without legislation and a rebirth of concern for individual (as opposed to fiscal) uplift, "the most cynical observers expect that inequities, abuses, double standards, malpractices and associated internecine warfare in athletic programs and organizations will continue." The words are not SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's, they are those of Pace University's Ewald Nyquist

continued

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Some impressions never fade.

You start out wet behind the ears. Swallow some water. Do a few bellyflops. You keep trying. Again and again. And again. But there's a lot of people behind you. The coaches. Parents. And volunteers. As well as the Amateur Athletic Union. Helping you learn discipline. Gain confidence. And make friends. Each step of the way. Because swimming and diving are more than just time and form alone. And that's why Phillips Petroleum is a long-time sponsor of AAU swimming and most recently of AAU diving. It's a contest where everyone wins. Even though only a few earn medals. Or make it to the Olympics. Because what you learn sticks with you for the rest of your life.



in a report for the American Council on Education. How to discontinue them? Coaches, administrators and academicians are not in agreement on any one method, but it would be accurate to say that a distillation of their ideas leads to one sure conviction: that the standards have to be raised. That they must be raised first with the colleges so that the effect will filter down and a hard reality made to dawn: that if the athletes are not educated, they will not be admitted, much less graduated.

Immediately, as a first step, the 2.0 Rule for admitting student-athletes to college should be abolished in favor of something a lot tougher. Toughening up the standards would serve two immediate purposes: 1) it would put more pressure on the high schools to prepare their athletes, and 2) it would cut down on the number of non-students who are in college on a bye and are merely marking time in hopes that there will be pro life after educational death.

But how tough do you make the new standards? At present, the best alternative is the "triple option," supported on the NCAA convention floor two years ago and endorsed by the American Football Coaches Association. The "triple option" would begin initially with a 2.25 grade-point-average requirement, instead of the present 2.0. If a high school graduate didn't have that, he could qualify for a scholarship by having either a combined verbal and math SAT score of 750 or a 17 on the ACT.

Once admission standards are up, the following measures should be considered to increase the student-athlete's chances of obtaining a meaningful education—and a degree. The suggestions were culled from a large number of coaches and academicians, and although they don't necessarily reflect the majority opinion, they do encompass what seems to be the better thinking:

1) Postpone the annual signing of high school seniors to athletic scholarships at least until March to give coaches and college registrars a chance to review more intensively grades, test scores, etc.

2) Funnel all high school transcripts of scholarship athletes through a central agency at the NCAA offices. If an incoming athlete is caught with an altered transcript, permanently ban him from intercollegiate competition. If the college coach had a hand in it, permanently ban him, too. If the high school is guilty, let the local school board know about it—in no uncertain terms.

3) Make the percentage of athletes enrolled through affirmative-action programs proportionate to the percentage admitted by the school for the entire incoming class, i.e., if the college has a "4% rule," permit only 4% of the incoming scholarship athletes to be admitted under affirmative-action provisions. If that is found to be too strict a formula, strike one agreeable to the NCAA membership and force all members to comply.

4) Abolish freshman eligibility. An athlete needs his first year in college to become acclimatized and to satisfy the deans that his classroom program is leading toward a degree. Allow him to attend a pre-freshman-year summer session on scholarship to take whatever remedial courses he might also need.

5) Establish uniform NCAA-wide minimum guidelines



Once exaggerated, the "dumb jock" image is now a realistic disgrace

for "normal progress," so that all institutions are playing by the same rules. Establish a system for reviewing and monitoring progress. Allow access to transcripts by an NCAA arbitrator if a challenge is made by a rival school. If progress is not being made in accordance with the guidelines, make the athlete ineligible for competition and put the school on probation.

6) Make it mandatory that an athlete attend classes and not just be enrolled during the season of his sport. If he is in an area of study deemed especially difficult and time-consuming (pre-med, engineering), allow him to carry a reduced course load, but do not permit him to "drop out" while he is engaged in intercollegiate competition.

7) Establish a formula to restrict scholarships when a university shows a low rate of graduation for its student-athletes. If, say, the football team has less than a 50% graduation rate, permit the coach to recruit only the number of athletes equal to the number just graduated. When the graduation rate climbs back to a predetermined minimum, permit him to resume normal recruiting.

8) Bar a school from competing in postseason play or receiving television revenues if the flunk-out rate is greater than the academic attrition rate of its student body as a whole. Thus, if the college graduates 60% of the students who enroll, the athletic department must show that 60% of all its athletes—not just those who make it through to their senior year—also graduate.

Administratively, the following could be tried:

- 1) Remove all matters of eligibility and normal progress from the hands of coaches—for their sake as well as that of the athletes. Make it mandatory for all schools to be members of the National Academic Athletic Advisers' Association.

continued

STUDENT-ATHLETES

continued

tion. At the Division I level, require that the adviser at each institution not be paid by the athletic department and that he be answerable to the president's office, not the coach's.

2) Establish "educational insurance privileges" for each scholarship athlete to allow him to come back and finish his education when a career in professional sports hasn't panned out. Place time limits on these privileges to make the athlete aware of the urgency of getting an education.

3) Work out agreements with the pro leagues to include a clause in standard contracts stipulating that his team will help finance the continuation of an athlete's education if he is cut. Make the funding payable directly to the university of the athlete's choice.

4) Give coaches tenure when they have had enough time to prove themselves so that their jobs aren't always on the line and they aren't so desperate to win—and, therefore, cheat. Give their assistant coaches tenure, too, and put them to work in other areas of the university during the off-season so that if there is a head-coaching change, they will have some job security.

5) Require schools to provide the NCAA with up-to-date statistics on the true graduation rates of their athletes,

broken down by majors, sport and socioethnic backgrounds.

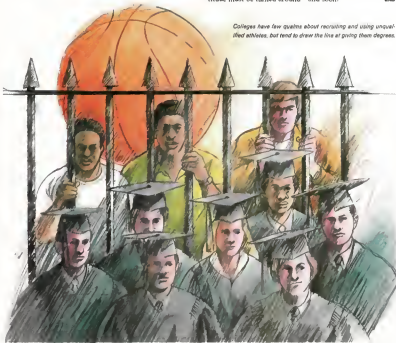
6) Conduct a study of junior-college curricula and academic standards. Draw up a list of those that meet qualifications for sending student-athletes to four-year schools. Limit the use of extension and correspondence courses to those offered by a student-athlete's own school.

One proposal that has been made by a few deep thinkers deserves absolutely no consideration: that colleges "end the hypocrisy" and start paying their players; work out a salary schedule, require no class attendance and generally treat the athletic department as if it were a Burger King franchise. Such a move would not only be anathema to the academic community, but also, while proving that college athletics are no more than a business, would do the business in. The rich would get richer, the poor would go bankrupt. And it would do nothing to help get anyone educated.

Ultimately, the solution to the problem is caring. Caring about young people, caring about their being educated, caring about the contribution they will be able to make to society. The apocryphal university president who, when asked what he thought was worse about athletic administrators—ignorance or apathy—replied, "I don't know and I don't care," is not as fictional a figure as people think. This attitude must be turned around—and soon.

END

Colleges have few qualms about recruiting and using unqualified athletes, but tend to draw the line at paying them degrees.



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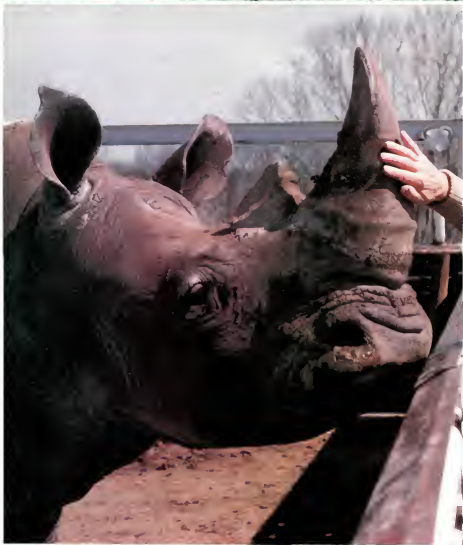
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Owner of the Pirates, breeder of Derby winners, builder of skyscrapers, master recruiter for Ohio State, John W. Galbreath is going strong at 82

HE'S STILL FILLING HIS HORN OF PLENTY

He is scheduled to have lunch with the president of a New York corporation who wants to talk about moving his headquarters to Columbus, Ohio, and he has to confer with his executives about the skyscrapers, hotels and apartment complexes that his company builds around the world. He also has to talk with his horse trainer in Florida. So it is understandable that John W. Galbreath glances at his wristwatch as he begins to give his visitor a quickie tour of the lodge at his Derby Dan Farm near Columbus.

At 82, Galbreath has the drive and energy of a much younger man. He still takes an active role in all of his various enterprises—his construction company, the Pittsburgh Pirates, continued

by **WILLIAM F. REED**

Galbreath's Derby Dan Farm displays such exotic beasts as this enormous rhinoceros.

his Darby Dan thoroughbred breeding and racing operations. He also finds time for fishing and hunting—and recruiting for Ohio State's football and basketball teams.

Now he plunks his hat and topcoat on the back of a giant stuffed tiger that guards the lobby of the lodge. Galbreath killed the tiger on a safari in India in 1961. The animal measured 10' 5", which means that, standing erect, it would have been almost twice as tall as the 5' 8" man who turned him into a souvenir. "I was scared to death," says Galbreath, taking his visitor through the lodge, describing

He is the only person to have won Derbies on both sides of the Atlantic.

When Galbreath is asked to name his favorite sport, he demurs. "When you cross the racetrack into the winner's circle after the Kentucky Derby, well, how do you compare that with getting the World Series trophy in the locker room after the final game? You can't. I love 'em all."

Nor, he says, is there any special secret to his remarkable success in business and sport. "I'm not a bit different from anybody else," Galbreath says. "I just enjoy work. If you're around when

in his honor. "That would be too vain," he says.

Galbreath and his 52-year-old son Dan have adjoining offices in a suite on the ninth floor of the Borden Building, a 32-story edifice in Columbus that John W. built and partly owns. In recent years Galbreath has delegated more and more business responsibility to his son (in 1970 he made him president of the Pirates), but the problem, according to Dan, is to get his father to delegate even more (John W. continues to be chairman of the board of the Pirates, for example).

"He's been a one-man show going all the way back to 1921," Dan says. "but we're just too big for that now. You can't be everywhere. You can't be putting deals together in Pittsburgh when you're in Dublin or Hong Kong."

John Galbreath still tries, though. He keeps two jets at a landing strip at the Darby Dan Farm in Columbus. He stays in close touch with all his enterprises, in person, which entails spending about 600 hours a year in the air. When he is criticized in Pittsburgh for being an absentee owner of the Pirates, he points out that he can hop in one of his jets and be at Three Rivers Stadium quicker than many fans can get there from the Pittsburgh suburbs.

Galbreath's principal business is building, leasing and managing skyscrapers. His buildings include Mohr Oil in New York, U.S. Steel in Pittsburgh, the Fiberglas Tower in Toledo, the Nationwide Plaza and the Borden Building in Columbus, the Montgomery Ward Plaza in Chicago, One Market Plaza in San Francisco and Union Bank Square in L.A.

"We build them to stand, too," Galbreath says. "If I build something, it's going to stand for 100 years. It's like this fellow I knew who was an engineer in the Klondike. He built this dam, and one day somebody came to him and said, 'That dam you built has collapsed.' The man thought a moment and said, 'No, that's a lie. I built that dam to stand.' And he was right. You see, that's a philosophy, a way of life."

In one of the offices are a globe, a world map and a drawing of a proposed apartment complex in Saudi Arabia. Galbreath has been negotiating to build hotels in China. He already has put up a condominium complex in Hong Kong that is the world's largest privately



Once a big-game hunter, Galbreath now kills animals, like this diminutive antelope, only with kindness.

the big-game animals whose heads and skins adorn the paneled walls.

The trophies won by the Pirates and Darby Dan fill the cases in one of the lodge's rooms. Galbreath has so many trophies he rotates them according to the interests of his guests. On this day, the World Series trophies won by the Pirates in 1971 and 1979 (there was no trophy when they won the 1960 Series) are locked up, and the racing trophies are out. "There's something you won't see anywhere else," says Galbreath. On a mantel the 1972 Epsom Derby trophy is flanked by two Kentucky Derby trophies.

something needs to be done, do it. I call it Teutonic pluck. Desire, dedication and motivation are the things that dominate in life."

In addition to his home on the farm, Galbreath has an apartment in New York, a winter home on La Gorce Island in Florida, a summer home in Saratoga, a hunting and fishing lodge in Canada and a home at his Darby Dan breeding farm in Lexington, Ky. Nevertheless, he takes pride in being unpretentious. He doesn't use a chauffeur, except in New York City, and he has never had one of the skyscrapers he built named

financed project of its kind. "There's a mall in the middle of that named Mt. Sterling," Galbreath says. "Some think that's because of the nearby mountains or because of sterling silver. But it's really named after the little farm town in Ohio where I was born."

Galbreath says the Depression was the best thing that ever happened to him. Early in 1920, when he graduated from Ohio University, all he had was \$100 and a burning desire to make something of himself. He used the \$100 for a down payment on a Model T Ford, and plunged into the real estate business.

"I put 50,000 miles on that old Ford, driving around, looking for listings," he says. "It's tireless effort, but that's how you succeed. You never quit, you keep on going day and night. When you get a thought while you're in bed, you get up and write it down so you won't forget. And you don't ever despair. If you do, you work on your despair."

The Depression put him back to Square 1, but Galbreath was undaunted. "I said I was going to stay in the business come hell or high water," he says. Soon he was on the way up again, having figured out ways for banks, building and loan associations and other lending firms to get rid of the real estate they had foreclosed on.

Next, he got into what he calls the "company-town business." He went to corporations that had built houses for their employees near ore fields and steel mills. Galbreath bought the houses from the corporations and sold them to the people living in them for low down payments and 30-year mortgages. As Galbreath tells it, everybody got something. The corporations got rid of their towns, he made a profit, and the employees got the pride of ownership.

"To this very day, I get more personal satisfaction out of sitting across a desk from someone and giving them the deed to their home than anything," he says. "I believe there are more homeowners in the United States than any other country in the world, and that's what makes us strong. To the best of my knowledge, I purchased and rehabilitated some 30,000 houses in 25 years. We never had to foreclose on a one, and now every one is worth several times the original price. We made real capitalists, real Americans, out of these people."

By the end of World War II, Galbreath had also made a lot of money and a lot of influential friends. When he turned to building skyscrapers in the early 1950s, those friends were happy to do business with him.

Throughout his life, Galbreath has practiced what his friend, Norman Vincent Peale, preaches: that all things are possible through hard work and positive thinking. He offers himself as a living realization of the American Dream. When he talks to young people, he sounds a bit like his old friend Woody Hayes, the departed Ohio State football coach.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE STEWART



Of all his horses, Galbreath most esteems Groutark, whose great promise was cut short by injury.

"Young people today want to learn, instead of tearing down everything like they did a few years ago," he says. "It's amazing how interested they are in what you have to say. I think it's every businessman's job to talk to the young people as much as he can."

Galbreath and his first wife, Helen, who died in 1946, were married 25 years and had two children, Dan and a daughter, Joan. He has been married to his second wife, Dorothy, for more than 25 years. Portraits of his seven grandchildren hang in the Darby Dan lodge. "I'm really proud of them," Galbreath says,

"especially in this day and age where there's so much hell going on."

Of all his friends in sport, none shares Galbreath's view of life and America quite so fully as Hayes, who committed a sort of suicide in the 1978 Gator Bowl, when he lost control and struck a Clemson player who had intercepted an Ohio State pass. "Woody's a different fella than a lot of people think he is," Galbreath says, "and to judge him by that last experience isn't fair. He's a great coach and a great humanitarian. Once one of his boys got sick in California, and Woody brought him home and put him in the

hospital. No fanfare, no publicity. That's not Woody's style."

"I remember the time my grandson was playing in a football game. He made a tackle head on and he got knocked unconscious. He was unconscious for six, or eight weeks and they finally had to operate. He's O.K. now. Woody went over right in the middle of the football season to see him. It's a damn shame he's going to be remembered for that last incident."

Over the years Galbreath helped Ohio State recruit many blue-chip athletes. He got Matt Snell by selling his mother on the benefits of a good college education.

continued

and he gave Brian Boshnagel a summer job in the Pirates' front office. He has given other athletes summer work pointing the white fences at Darby Dan.

In 1958 he helped land a heralded basketball player from Middletown, Ohio. "I got Jerry Lucas," Galbreath says matter-of-factly. "One Saturday morning, when he was a senior in high school, the Ohio State basketball coach asked me if I would take Jerry out to see the farm and have lunch with him, and I did. Now, there's a bridge down there on the farm over Darby Creek, and Jerry asked me if there were any fish in there.

"It just so happened that the dean of men at Ohio State had once caught 13 bass right off that bridge. I let Jerry fish and he caught a six-pound blue channel catfish. Jerry said, 'If I can fish here every spring all four years, I'll go to Ohio State.' I told him he'd be welcome to, and he did. He'd be standing there on the bridge fishing and his girl friend would come out and cook his breakfast over an open fire. I used to sit up in the house and watch them. It was one of the sweetest love stories I ever heard."

Galbreath helped the current Ohio State basketball coach, Elton Miller, recruit a couple of the stars on last season's team—Center Herb Williams from Columbus and Forward Clark Kellogg from Cleveland. Galbreath denies rumors he got Kellogg by obtaining a \$1 million insurance policy for him.

"He's got a license to sell insurance," Galbreath says, "but we never gave him a dime's worth of any kind." He pauses.

Galbreath says it galls him to hear that other recruiters have accused Ohio State of doing more for players than the NCAA allows. "We don't get these youngsters by offering things," he says. "I've had only one boy ever ask for money, and his father was a policeman. I told the boy we could get him a job and he told me, 'I can get that much money without working. You know, under the table.' I took out after him, and his father, too. I told his father, 'You, of all people, an officer of the law, would you let your son do that?' He went to another school, and when that school played Ohio State he sat on the bench and we beat 'em 39-0. If a man's heart isn't in it, he can't do anything right."

In 1947 Galbreath used the Pirates and Bing Crosby to get Vic Janowicz, who went on to win the Heisman Trophy, for Ohio State. At the time, Galbreath had owned the Pirates only a year. He knew Crosby was a sports enthusiast—Bing had once been president of the Del Mar racetrack in California—so he talked Crosby into buying a percentage of the Pittsburgh club. That was the beginning of a long friendship. Galbreath and Crosby went fishing together, attended the Kentucky Derby together, followed their baseball team together.

I had been up to see Janowicz two or three times," Galbreath says. "God, he was being rushed by everybody. He was a catcher in baseball as well, so I said, 'Vic, would you like to drive over and see the Pirates' opening game?' You could do that in those days. He said, 'Sure,' and he asked if he could be going along a friend and their girls. I told Bing that if he'd help me, we'd see Janowicz in the Rose Bowl someday.

"On Opening Day we took them on the field and Bing put his arms around the girls and we took their picture. The following day I went up to Vic's and met with his coach and the superintendent of schools. They were all lined up like it was a prayer meeting. I promised them that even if Vic broke his leg on the first play of his first season he'd get his education. That convinced him. When Vic played for us in the Rose Bowl I sent Bing a wire. All I said in it was, 'SEE'."

After he finished at Ohio State, Janowicz was one of the bonus babies the Pirates signed in the late '40s and early '50s in the "youth movement" initiated by Branch Rickey and underwritten by Galbreath. It didn't work. The 1952 team, which finished last, 54½ games behind, was regarded as baseball's worst until the 1962 Mets came along. The Pirates began to turn the corner in 1955, after drafting Roberto Clemente out of the Dodgers' farm system, and in 1960 won the pennant and beat the mighty Yankees in a seven-game World Series on Bill Mazeroski's two-out, last-inning homer.

"In the locker room, I remember Mazeroski saying, 'They outlast us and outscored us, but they couldn't beat us,'" says Galbreath. "I liked that. You see, we didn't give up. We kept building."

In the '60s, as Clemente developed

into a certain Hall-of-Famer, he also became a particular favorite of Galbreath's. In the off-season Galbreath would invite him to Darby Dan. Clemente showed such an interest in Galbreath's thoroughbreds that Galbreath named a horse after him. Roberto proved to be a worthy namesake, winning the Epsom Derby for Galbreath in 1972. Only six months later, Clemente was killed in a plane crash off Puerto Rico.

"Every year he would ask me to sell him a couple of horses," Galbreath says. "We finally gave him a yearling. He was delighted. I'll always cherish the last letter I got from him. He told me that all Puerto Rico was in a contest to name his horse, and he promised me that if he were ever traded he would never play against the Pirates. The last thing he wrote was 'Stay with God.' He was a fine man. He was married to a good woman, and they had a couple of sons who are going to be bullplayers."

Much as he admires the Pirates' current heroes, Galbreath is not as close to any of them as he was to Clemente. A bust of Clemente is on display in the lodge at Darby Dan, as well as Roberto's last Pirate uniform.

Galbreath sees a dozen or so games each season, but he leaves the operation of the team to his son and Pirate Vice-President Harding Peterson. Nevertheless, he still has the final word when something big is afoot, like the attempt to sign free agent Pete Rose last year. Knowing of Rose's love of horses, Galbreath made him an offer. In addition to a big salary and a long-term contract, Galbreath would sell Rose a couple of his well-bred broodmares and give him the right to breed them to the best of his stallions—Graustark, Little Current, Roberto, Chateaugay.

A breeding right to Little Current, winner of the 1974 Preakness and Belmont, is worth at least \$30,000 on the open market, but those rights are reserved for Galbreath and the select horsemen who joined the breeding syndicate when Little Current was retired to stud.

"It's very unique, very interesting," Rose said at the time. "I thought you had to be King Farouk or somebody to get into the breeding part of it."

Rose, who chose the Phillies, passed up a deal that Queen Elizabeth II did not. Soon after Galbreath's friend Wal-

continued

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY 78.

A man with a mustache, wearing a light blue shirt and light blue pants, is sitting on a motorcycle. He is holding a cigarette in his right hand. A woman with blonde hair, wearing a red top and denim shorts, is standing next to the motorcycle. The motorcycle has a camouflage pattern on the side. They are on a sandy beach with a rocky cliff in the background. The sky is blue with some clouds. The overall tone is vintage and stylish.

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ter Annenberg had been appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James's in 1969. Annenberg held a reception in the Queen's honor. Her Majesty requested that the Ambassador invite some prominent American businessmen, especially any who might be conversant about thoroughbreds. Naturally, Annenberg thought of Galbreath.

"At dinner she was on my right, and she kept talking about our stallions, particularly Ribot and Graustark," Galbreath says. "You know, you're never supposed to ask questions of the Queen—it's not proper protocol—but I thought, 'Hell, I'm a country boy, and the Lord will forgive me anyway.' I said, if she liked she could send a couple of mares to Darby Dan and breed them to Ribot and Graustark. She didn't answer, and I thought I had blown it. Later, the Queen was sitting next to my wife and told her I had made a rash statement. Dorothy thought, 'Oh, Lord, what now?' The Queen mentioned what I had said, and Dorothy told her I had meant it. The Queen didn't answer again, so now we both thought we had blown it. In 10 days I received the Queen's stud book, the listing of all her stallions and mares, in the mail. She sent two mares over."

Galbreath is one of the most powerful men in racing. He was in charge of the committee that built the present Aqueduct and Belmont tracks in New York. In the 1960s, when a conglomerate tried to buy Churchill Downs, Galbreath rounded up some wealthy friends and formed a "Kentucky Derby Protection Committee," which prevented the takeover by buying up the track's outstanding stock.

The heart of Galbreath's breeding operation is at Darby Dan's Kentucky branch, once the site of the most successful breeding operation in Kentucky: Colonel E.R. Bradley's Idle Hour Stock Farm. Before he died in 1946, Bradley bred and raced four Kentucky Derby winners (Behave Yourself, Bubbling Over, Burgoon King and Brokers Tip).

"I used to buy a good horse every now and then from Colonel Bradley," says Galbreath. "He was a fine gentleman but, you know, he was a gambler. Once I wanted to buy a horse from him. He wanted \$20,000 for it. I told him I couldn't pay that much, that I could pay

only \$15,000. He said, 'I'll flip a coin with you to see if you pay \$15,000 or \$20,000.' We flipped and I lost, but he still gave it to me at my price. 'We need young men like you in racing,' he said. 'But let me tell you one thing: never call the flip of a coin, for the other man call it.' And you know, he was right. I don't know why, but your chances seem better."

In 1959 Galbreath made racing history by leasing Ribot, the undefeated Italian champion, from Federico Tesio for five years for \$1,350,000. Ribot proved to be the cornerstone of Galbreath's breeding empire, siring such excellent runners as Tom Rolfe, Maribeu, Graustark and Aris and Letters. Ribot was a mean, contrary animal and proved too unruly to be shipped back to Italy when Galbreath's lease was up. So he worked out a deal to continue the lease for the duration of Ribot's life.

"When the first lease ran out, we told them honestly that it would be a mistake to try to send him back," Galbreath says. "Tesio sent his son over, and he went into Ribot's paddock. The horse took out after him, and he had to run and hide behind a tree. We just kept on leasing him after that."

Galbreath enjoys the challenge of naming his yearlings. Generally, he picks names related to things he knows or has read about. Graustark came from a novel by George Barr McCutcheon, *Prince Thou Art* from John Greenleaf Whittier's "The Barefoot Boy." Darby Creek Road was named for a road on the Columbus farm. Little Current is the Canadian village where he fishes.

Galbreath won his first Kentucky Derby in 1963 with Chateaugay, who also won the Belmont Stakes and came within a workout of winning the Triple Crown. Before the Preakness, an exercise boy worked Chateaugay so fast and hard that he had nothing left for the race. Bad luck also cost Galbreath the Triple Crown in 1974. His Little Current got trapped in the record 23-horse field in the Kentucky Derby and finished fifth. He came back to win the Preakness and Belmont convincingly, leaving no doubt he was the class of his crop.

Nevertheless, the loss of the 1963 Preakness and the 1974 Derby didn't hurt Galbreath nearly as much as the loss of Graustark. The son of Ribot was the sort of horse breeders spend their lives seek-

ing, he was so powerful, so overwhelming. He was unbeaten at two and he won his first four races at three.

"He'd have been like some of those horses of the past few years—Affirmed, Seattle Slew, Spectacular Bid," says Galbreath. "When you'd ask Braulio Baeza, his jockey, about him, he'd just look off into space. I remember once I was fishing up in Vancouver with Tom Dewey and his wife, and Graustark was running in Chicago. I wanted so badly to know how he had done that we took our boat into shore where there was a telephone on the side of a tree. He'd won. I knew he was something special."

But 10 days before the 1966 Kentucky Derby, on a rainy afternoon at Keeneland, Graustark fractured the coffin bone in his left forefoot while losing the Blue Grass to Abe's Hope. He never ran again. The usual rumors spread that Loyd Gentry, the Darby Dan assistant trainer, feeling the pressure of handling a super-horse, had worked Graustark so hard that a breakdown was almost inevitable. "The less said about that, the better," says Galbreath even now, but he was so disappointed that even the victory of Darby Dan's Proud Clarion, a 30-1 long shot, in the '67 Derby was scant consolation.

Graustark's one loss was also his most courageous performance. He had opened up a 10-length lead on the backstretch when he broke his foot. Slowly, painfully, he came back to Abe's Hope, his only serious challenger. At the head of the stretch, Abe's Hope moved in front, but Graustark held on and was only a nose back at the wire. He had run more than a mile on the broken foot.

"Dad and I were in a box together that day," Dan Galbreath says. "Right away I said, 'Something's wrong. This can't be.' I ran down to talk to Baeza as soon as he got off. Baeza showed me his hand, where he had held tight to the rein to keep Graustark from bearing out. He couldn't open it, and it was white because he had gripped so hard. Dad didn't say anything. He went home."

Home is where Galbreath always goes to relax, reflect, recharge. This side of paradise there aren't many retreats like Darby Dan. He no longer hunts big game, but he has stocked the farm with animals he used to pursue in Africa and India. He even has a rhinoceros that wallows in the mud outside his special barn.

continued

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GALBREATH continued

and American lion rism in puddocks across from those holding zebras.

Galbreath likes spring the best of the seasons. His construction business is cranking up again, the Pirates are beginning another season, his horses are running and the flowers are blooming. In the morning he likes to sit in his breakfast nook, looking out at birds feeding by Darby Creek. In the evening he'll climb into his 1960 Chrysler convertible and drive around the farm, absorbing its beauty. And it is so beautiful that a visitor can't help remarking on it. That pleases Galbreath, but he feels compelled to add a gentle reminder. "It wasn't done in a day, you know. It was fun building, that's the point."

In the twilight of his life, Galbreath tends to get a bit melancholy when he thinks of friends and times that are gone. He has a scratchy 78-rpm record of a song Crosby recorded especially for him. He likes to play it and talk about the good times he and Crosby had.

"Bing usually went to the Derby with me," Galbreath says. "A few years ago we flew back here afterward to have dinner, and we had the Ohio State Glee Club come in to sing. One of the boys had a beautiful tenor voice, and Bing got so excited he told him he would help him if he wanted a singing career. Then Bing sang a solo he had composed while he was sitting there. That's living, now. I want to tell you."

One recent morning Galbreath was in the lodge at Darby Dan Farm in Ohio having coffee and sweet rolls with a visitor. When he was asked how he would like to be remembered, he said, "Just as an old country boy. Just one of the gang." Later, he recited a sort of poem that reflected his philosophy of life so perfectly that a man had to wonder if the author might really be a certain old country boy from Ohio.

"I want to be thoroughly used up when I leave this earth.

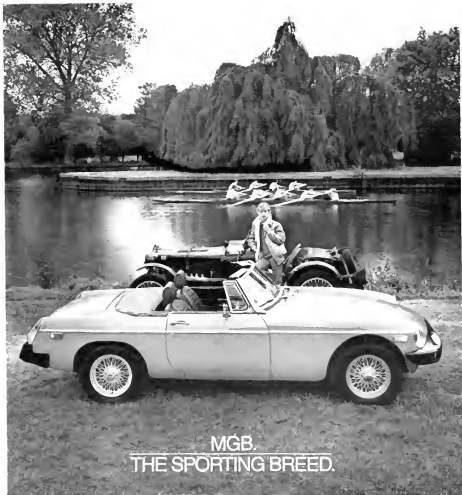
For the harder I work, the more I live I rejoice in life for its own sake; Life is no brief candle to me—

It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment.

And I want to make it burn as brightly as I can

Before passing it on to future generations."

END



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Unsinkable Mariner

Seattle Pitcher Rick Honeycutt has an unbeaten record and unbeatable image

Last year, when Rick Honeycutt was just another thrower with a pretty face, a Seattle television station asked him to appear on a morning talk show. But Honeycutt wasn't supposed to talk, because, frankly, who'd care what a so-so-pitcher might have to say. Instead, he tied an apron around his waist and made a lemon pie. Recently the television sta-

tion asked Honeycutt back and said he could leave his apron at home. And why not? After posting Detroit 4-3 last week, the lefthanded Honeycutt had a 6-0 record, equaling the best in the majors, and a 2.45 ERA. Clearly, he's doing his cooking on the mound these days.

Honeycutt, 25, is a young man in the Jack Armstrong tradition. He is tall, good-looking and ever polite. He married his high school sweetheart, Debbie, and they live in the suburbs with their cute-as-a-button daughter, Hollie.

If Honeycutt seems straight out of the pages of a dime novel, that's O.K. with him. "When I hear about some of the things other players do, I get upset," he says. "When I was a kid I thought baseball players were the greatest people in the world. I want some kid to be able to feel the same way about me."

No problem. Especially if Honeycutt keeps on winning. Of course, this is no easy thing on a weak-hitting team like the Mariners. The first run a Seattle pitcher allows in a game may be one too many. But the Mariners always score enough—just enough—for Honeycutt. Four of his six wins have been by one run, the others by two.

Honeycutt's ambition to become a major-leaguer was inspired by a childhood of idolizing the Yankees, even though he lived in Georgia. "They were the only team I ever really cared about," he says. "Every day I would run home from school and check the box scores to see how they had done. I decided that the only way I was going to get up there with my heroes was to work at it every day."

That meant joining any team he could find beginning at age six. When he was in high school, Honeycutt changed his uniform in the car while his father drove him from one sandlot game to another. While waiting for a phone call from New York, Honeycutt also quarterbacked Lakeview High's football team and pitched and hit its baseball team to two state championships. Nonetheless, the Yankees never called. But the Orioles did wire in 1972, to say he had been selected in the 10th round of the amateur draft.

"I had worked my entire life to get to

that point and then it didn't seem right," Honeycutt says. "Maybe it was an ego thing, but being drafted so low made it seem that the Orioles didn't care. They only talked to me one time. I had to become realistic about my chances and look at other options."

He chose to attend the University of Tennessee, where he studied health education. Well, sort of studied. It was more like Honeycutt pitched and hit and Debbie tutored. "I'm not saying Rick was dumb or anything, but he needed a lot of help," says Debbie. "He says he couldn't have made it through school without me, and he's right. In fact, I was really disappointed when he got his diploma and my name wasn't on it."

Honeycutt wasn't all that interested in a degree, anyway. His original plan was to play three years of college ball and then accept a hefty contract befitting a high draft choice. But the only prize he landed was Debbie's hand in marriage.

Even after setting a Tennessee record for career wins (21), batting over .400 and being named an All-America first baseman, Honeycutt was no better than a 17th-round selection by Pittsburgh following his senior season in 1976.

Because the Pirates wanted to develop his hitting as well as his pitching in the minors, they shuttled him from the mound to designated hitter. As it happened, he enjoyed considerable success wherever he played; he had a 2.52 ERA and a .293 batting average in the 1½ seasons he played in the Pittsburgh system before he was traded to Seattle. The Mariners ended Honeycutt's Jack-of-all-trades career by designating him a pitcher and immediately putting him on their major league roster. Nine days later, on Aug. 31, 1977, he made his first big league start—in New York. "That was really a scary night," Honeycutt says. "I just sat there in the dugout before the game, wide-eyed."

Honeycutt composed himself enough to pitch seven creditable innings that evening. Although he wasn't the pitcher of record, he was on his way to learning a craft. "Before I got to the Mariners I could never focus my thoughts just on

pitching," he says. "For a long time I had this caged-up feeling when I didn't pitch. I was used to playing somewhere in every game. But when I sat still long enough to watch what was going on out on the mound I learned more than I had in all the time before."

At first, Honeycutt had trouble putting his knowledge to good use. Bothered by a persistent case of tendinitis in his left elbow, he pitched erratically and finished 1978 with a 5-11 record. He opened last season in the bullpen, a move that Seattle hoped would ease Honeycutt's nerves as well as strengthen his arm. But it served only to put him on edge. "I was coming to the park every day not knowing if my equipment would still be in my locker," says Honeycutt, who feared—incorrectly—that the demotion to the bullpen might be followed by banishment to the minors.

It took a strong performance against—who else?—the Yankees to put Honeycutt back in the starting rotation. He responded by winning seven of his first 10 decisions in '79, including a two-hitter against—yep—New York. Honeycutt credits that game with teaching him what it takes to be successful. "My parents were in Seattle then, and my dad and I spent the morning painting the front porch," Honeycutt says. "Before I left for the park we had a big spaghetti dinner. I'm not sure whether it was the painting or the food that made me pitch that two-hitter, but since then I always eat spaghetti and try to work around the house on days I pitch."

Pitching Coach Wes Stock doesn't attribute Honeycutt's sudden success to pasta or good housekeeping. "You're talking about a guy who went from Double A ball to the majors only a year after getting out of college," Stock says. "Every time he pitched he had to be wondering, 'What am I doing out here?' Now he knows."

Honeycutt describes that knowledge as "pitching within myself," and he, too, considers it the key to his success. Although he is capable of an occasional 90-plus-mph fastball, Honeycutt is most effective when he keeps his pitches in the 80- to 85-mph range. His repertoire consists of a sinking and running fastball, a curve and a slider. His strategy is to nibble at the corners and around the batter's knees à la Tommy John, whose record is also 6-0.

When Honeycutt beat Detroit last

week for his fourth complete-game victory, he didn't have good stuff. Even though the Tigers hit him hard, they only got six hits and had a 3-0 lead entering the bottom of the ninth. After the Mariners scored four runs to pull out the win—the key hit was Joe Simpson's two-run single—Honeycutt almost cracked his head on the dugout ceiling as he rushed out to congratulate his teammates.

In the clubhouse, Honeycutt's grin was wide as he received plaudits for his effort. "I just can't explain you," said one Mariner. "Every time you pitch you look like a loser but you never do."

"Just clean living, I guess," said Rick Honeycutt.

THE WEEK

(May 4-10)

by HERM WEISKOPF

AL WEST Oakland fans, who used to prefer catching some Zs to watching the A's (3-3), have been awakened by a spirited, division-leading club. On hand for a doubleheader split with Detroit were 18,217 roovers, who saw the A's win the second game 1-0 when Jeff Newman homered in the sixth. Mike Norris, his screwball at its best, ran his record to 4-0 and lowered his ERA to 0.44 in the four-hit shutout. There were 12,605 people in Oakland one day later when Matt Keough, 4-2 on the year, beat the Indians 5-1. And 24,309 showed up for a Salute to the A's Night, which featured \$10,000 in giveaways but a disappointing 4-3 loss to Cleveland. Attendance dropped to 4,925 on Saturday, when the A's defeated the Blue Jays 4-3 as Tony Armas slugged a two-run homer in the seventh and a game-winning single in the ninth.

The Royals (4-2) tied the Rangers for third place with some lousy hitting. In his first full game of the season, Designated Hitter Darrell Porter singled, tripled and drove in three runs to knock off the Red Sox 5-3. Later in the week Kansas City won in Boston for the first time since July 1978, beating the Red Sox 6-5 as George Brett had three RBIs in his first game back after missing a week because of a bruised heel. The next day the Royals pounded out 18 hits, including a homer by Porter, and won 13-8. Porter, usually a catcher, was DHing because his stand-in, John Wathan, was second in the league with a .377 average. Wathan, who batted .206 last year, attributes his improvement to off-season hitting in his garage, where he set up a batting tee and whaled 150 to 200 balls a day into a screen. In the fourth inning of a 12-5

win over the White Sox, it seemed that all the Royals were slamming the ball off a tee as they had nine consecutive hits, one short of the American League record.

Buddy Bell batted .481 and had eight RBIs for the Rangers (3-3). Two homers by Richie Zisk carried Texas past Chicago 2-1 in 11 innings, but five hits by Al Oliver couldn't avert a 10-6 loss to the surprising White Sox (game 28). The Rangers had 16 hits while drubbing the Red Sox 11-3 behind Gaylord Perry, and Doc Medich continued his mastery over Boston, beating the Sox for the eighth straight time, 7-2.

Minnesota (2-4) ended a longer streak, defeating a left-hander for the first time in 12 decisions when Ken Landreaux singled in the 11th to beat Rudy May of the Yankees 1-0. Darrell Jackson, a 150-pound lefty, went the first 10 innings of that game for the Twins, and Doug Corbett sealed the five-hit victory by working the 11th. Corbett also saved a 4-2 triumph over Baltimore for Pete Redfern, who improved his record to 4-1, with 3½ innings of scoreless relief.

Mark Clear's 2½ innings of one-hit relief wrapped up a 4-3 win over the Mariners for the stumbling Angels (1-5). Leon Roberts gave Seattle (2-4) a lift with three home runs, one in a 7-6 defeat of Detroit. Julio Cruz, who missed 17 games with a stress fracture of his right foot, came through with a unique stolen base during a 4-1 loss to the Indians, zipping to second base while Pitcher Dan Spillner stood on the mound, ball in hand, peering in at the catcher.

OAK 17-11 CHB 16-12 KC 14-12 TEX 14-12
SEA 14-16 MINN 12-16 CAL 11-16

AL EAST "I said in spring training I wasn't going to let any one thing bother me, and I still say it," insisted Manager Don Zimmer of Boston (1-5). Presumably, Zimmer wasn't upset that Fred Lynn had an aching back, that Carlton Fisk had a bruised foot, that Dennis Eckersley was belted twice—which dropped his record to 1-5—or that his pitching staff had an ERA of 5.64. The boys of Zimmer, though, were bothered as they fell to fourth place. "My shoulder feels broken," Reliever Skip Lockwood said after yielding four consecutive hits in an 11-3 loss to Texas. And Bob Stanley, who was pounded for 10 hits and six runs in 5½ innings against Kansas City, conceded, "I stunk."

In Toronto (5-1) there was the sweet—but rare—smell of success as the Blue Jays set a club record by running their winning streak to six games and earned a share of the lead. Toronto put it all together during a 7-3 win over California. Dave Sobch (4-1) did the pitching, the fielders pulled off five double plays, and Otto Velez drove in three runs.

New York (4-1), which hit eight home runs, also extended its victory string to six

continued

games before finally losing 1-0 to Minnesota. During a 10-1 rout of the Twins, Rick Cereone drove in four runs and Reggie Jackson got up from an apparent knockdown pitch to drill a 443-foot homer. Another Jackson smash and a ninth-inning clutch by Bucky Dent beat Milwaukee 6-5. And Bob Watson doubled, homered and had five RBIs as the Yankees defeated the Twins 5-2.

Reggie Cleveland of Milwaukee (3-4) heard lots of boos last season when he flopped as a reliever, but last week he was cheered for saving a 5-3 victory against Baltimore. Don Money, Gorman Thomas and Sixto Lezcano, who collectively had only 10 hits in their 78 previous trips to the plate, also ignited the Brewer fans by homering in a 9-1 romp over the Orioles.

For Baltimore (4-3) the big guns were designated hitters Terry Crowley, Benny Ayala and Lee May who hit a combined .520, slugged three home runs and had 11 RBIs.

Mike Hargrove of the Indians (4-3), who stretched his hitting streak to 20 games, drove in both runs as Rick Waits beat the A's 2-1. And Tom Verzer, a .230 career batter, added punch to the attack by hitting .391.

"This team has to die a little before it knows what winning really means," Detroit Manager Sparky Anderson said. The last-place Tigers (4-3), having spent a dead April, finally found out about winning when Milt Wilcox defeated the A's 4-0. Jason Thompson homered in the 10th to beat the Angels 6-5, and Dan Schatzeder and Dave Rozema combined for a five-hit, 6-1 win over California.

**TOR 15-10 NY 15-10 MIL 12-12 BOS 12-14
BAL 12-15 CLE 11-14 DET 11-16**

NL WEST When Dodger Manager Tom Lasorda rated the food in the league's clubhouses last year, he placed the Cardinals' spread near the bottom. That miffed Buddy Bates, the visiting-clubhouse attendant in St. Louis, but inspired him to make special preparations for Lasorda's first 1980 visit. After serving a candlelight dinner complete with chef's salad, antipasto, spaghetti and veal scallopini, Bates received a "C'est magnifique!" from Lasorda. A 15-7 loss to the Cards that night, however, may well have given Lasorda indigestion. It also gave Rick Sutcliffe, last season's Rookie of the Year, an unpalatable 0-2 record and an 8.33 ERA. The only relief for Los Angeles (2-3) came when Dusty Baker homered twice and drove in five runs during a 12-10 victory in Philadelphia and when Burt Hooton and Jerry Reuss teamed up to beat St. Louis 5-3.

Although George Foster was sidelined with strained muscles in his left side and Ken Griffey with grimy knees, the Reds (6-1) pulled to within percentage points of the first-place Astros. Junior Kennedy hit a grand slam—only his second homer in 451 big league at bats to

that point—to defeat the Cubs 5-4 and singled in the 12th to knock off the Mets 3-2. Other clutch hits were delivered by Harry Spilman, whose 14th-inning pinch double toppled New York 12-10, and Sam Mejias, whose bases-loaded triple beat Philadelphia 5-2. Cincinnati also had some nifty pitching. Charlie Leibrandt was a two-time winner. Tom Hume got two saves and a victory, and Paul Moskau was triumphant as a starter and two days later saved a win for Dave Tomlin.

Home-run hitters, so the saying goes, drive Cadillacs, but Houston hitters proved that hitters who stick to compacts can take a team further. The Astros (3-3) hit four homers in one game against the Braves—and lost 5-4. They got their best mileage by simply stroking the ball, their three wins coming without the benefit of a home run. Jose (Cruzamate) Cruz figured in much of the action. He had two RBIs as Houston bumped off St. Louis 4-2 and had four more during an 8-4 defeat of Montreal. And when the Astros beat the Braves 3-2 in 11 innings, it was Cruz who started the decisive rally with a single.

Randy Jones of the Padres (3-4) showed 1976 Cy Young Award-winning form after heeding Manager Jerry Coleman's advice to change speeds on his sinkerball. Jones got 14 outs on grounders while pitching his first shutout since August 1978, a 4-0 five-hitter against Chicago. Two days later the Padres won 9-6 by tagging Cub Reliever Bruce Sutter for three of their four runs in the eighth. Jerry Turner stole home during the uprising, and Kurt Bevacqua stroked a two-run pinch single to put San Diego ahead to stay.

What little life there was in the Giants (2-5) was provided by Jack Clark, who had three RBIs in each San Francisco win.

The Braves (1-4) had only two things going for them: a homer by Brian Asselstine helped beat the Astros 5-4, and rain washed out a 3-0 deficit against the Phillies.

**HOUS 18-9 CIN 18-10 LA 15-12
SD 13-15 ATL 9-16 SF 9-20**

NL EAST By going 5-0 Pittsburgh lengthened its division lead to four games, which was more than those of the three other leaders combined. Not even League President Chub Feeney could stop Bill Madlock—yet Feeney levied a 15-day suspension—the longest ever in either league for an on-the-field incident—and a \$5,000 fine against Madlock for shoving his glove in the face of Umpire Jerry Crawford on May 1. But Madlock appealed the verdict and continued to play until Feeney heard his side of the case and could reconsider the penalties. Madlock made the most of the delay by hitting home runs that helped beat the Braves 13-4, the Dodgers 7-6 and the Padres 4-3. Skinny Kent Tekulue fattened his season's record to 5-0 as he tied a major

league mark by winning three games in a row. By week's end Tekulue had not allowed a run in 11 appearances covering 14½ innings.

Second-place Chicago (2-5) outlasted San Francisco 15-9 in a game that featured four home runs by each team and a combined total of 31 hits. When the Chicago pitchers weren't giving up hits, they were walking droves of hitters. 11 during a 4-0 loss to San Diego and three in a row to force in a pair of runs during a 6-3 setback at the hands of San Francisco.

Pitchers who come close to hurling no-hitters are often said to have "flirted" with the accomplishment. By that definition Steve Carlton of Philadelphia (2-3) is a very big flirt, because he has tossed six one-hitters in his ca-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

OTTO VELTZ: Toronto's designated hitter equaled a league record with four home runs (and 10 RBIs) during a doubleheader sweep of Cleveland and finished the week with five homers, 13 RBIs and an average of .545.

reer Carlton was within four outs of a hitless game when the Braves' Bill Nahorodny singled. He finished with a three-hit, 11-strikeout 7-1 win. Four days later Carlton fanned 11 Reds and gave up four hits in seven innings, but one was Dan Driessen's two-run homer, and he lost 5-3. The Phillies had seven doubles while routing the Braves 10-5, and Mike Schmidt hit his eighth and ninth home runs and had eight RBIs for the week.

When it came to hitting, though, the Cardinals (4-2) outdid everyone. A .366 week raised their team average for the season to .298 and brought back memories of the 1930 St. Louis pennant winners who hit .314. The current Cards have five of the league's top 10 hitters, led by Ken Reitz, the scourge of April past. For a change, Reitz continued his hitting into May with a .500 week (and 10 RBIs) that put him at .413, tops in the majors. Tony Scott hit .347 and Ken Oberkfell .417 before being sidelined for a month with a knee injury. Even Pischer Bob Forsch got into the act, slamming his second home run of the season, a three-run shot, as he beat the Giants 12-2.

Improved pitching and 9-for-18 hitting by Ken Macha bopped Montreal (4-3) Reliever Elton Sosa saved two games, and Woodie Fryman worked the final two innings of Scott Sanderson's 3-0 win over Houston.

"I guess we're even over-meeting now," said frustrated New York Manager Joe Torre, who frequently gathers his players for clubhouse sessions. Maybe not, Joe. The Mets (3-4) put together back-to-back victories for the first time this season and later beat the Expos 2-1 as Craig Swan fired a three-hitter.

**PIT 17-7 CH 13-11 ST L 13-13
PHI 11-12 MONT 11-15 NY 9-17**

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Reminiscence

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

NAKED TRUTH CONCERNING A FLASHY RUNNER OF THE SUB-FOUR-MINUTE MILE

Everyone knows that Roger Bannister is credited with having run the first sub-four-minute mile. Yet stories persist that the feat was actually, if unofficially, accomplished before Bannister did it. Probably the most widely known concerns Glenn Cunningham, who in 1930, 24 years before Bannister ran his 3:59.4, was told by his high school coach, Roy Varney, that he had broken four minutes in a time trial. Some say Varney mistakenly timed Cunningham over 1,500 meters or that he misread his stopwatch, or that he used a coach's ploy, wildly exaggerating Cunningham's time to give him confidence.

I remember reading of a sub-four-minute mile in Ripley's Believe It Or Not. This run supposedly took place in the 19th century. According to Ripley, a Pawnee Indian named Koo-uh-we-cot-o-le-e-hoo-la-shar (presumably, his friends called him Clyde) ran a measured mile along a dirt road in less than four minutes, with his time recorded by U.S. Army observers. No other details were given.

Maybe Cunningham really did it, and maybe the Indian did, too. We'll never be sure. I'd now like to add a pre-Bannister, sub-four-minute-mile story of my own. I didn't run it myself. My friend Doug did.

Doug was a sprinter, powerfully built with thickly muscled arms and legs and a broad chest. He tried the mile only once. We were high school students in Honolulu then, and his notable run occurred just months before Bannister's.

These were the circumstances: Doug needed quick money, at least \$100, something to do with repairs on his car. We talked things over and came up with an idea. He would run one mile nude, wearing a rubber ape mask, down Kalakaua Ave-

nue, Waikiki's main drag, at eight o'clock on a Saturday night. The name of the thoroughfare would remain secret, of course, until immediately before Doug took out. I was his business manager. I discreetly spread the word—promising only that the run would take place on "a busy street"—and collected a dollar apiece from interested customers. On the appointed Saturday morning I designated a place where everyone was to gather at seven p.m. There I would check my list of those who had paid, take money from those who hadn't and lead everyone to the starting point.

The preliminaries went smoothly. Doug and I realized that word of such a stunt would spread fast, but because only he and I knew exactly where he would run, we thought it would be safe enough. No matter what happened or who saw it, if he wasn't caught, how could anyone prove who it had been? The rubber ape mask would cover his entire head. He had altered it only slightly, enlarging the holes around the mouth and nose for easier breathing.

So at 7:45 p.m. Saturday, I led a long procession of cars toward Waikiki. We all found parking spaces a few blocks away and then walked toward Kalakaua Avenue. Timing was crucial, because a crowd of more than 100 high school boys couldn't very well go unnoticed. I hoped to reach the spot where the run was to start a minute or two before eight. There was a dark, narrow alley that opened onto

Kalakaua in the middle of its brightest, busiest stretch. Precisely at eight, Doug would come out of the alley, turn right and start his mile. We had measured the distance with a car, and it actually came out to a fraction over a mile. A few hundred yards from where he would turn off Kalakaua we had hidden some clothes.

Had it not been for the police, everything probably would have gone off perfectly. Kalakaua was as mobbed as usual that night. There were the tourists, mostly middle-aged or elderly, and many local young couples wandering in and out of the bars, restaurants and night clubs in the area. When the crowd I was leading hit the street, there were some curious looks, but no one seemed to take special note of us. I checked my watch. It was 30 seconds before eight. This agreed with a clock above a nearby souvenir store. Doug and I had synchronized our watches. I kept a close eye on my watch. Precisely at eight, to the second, I heard someone scream, "Here he comes!"

It was a wild sight, even though I was prepared for it. Doug looked like an uncensored advertisement for a gorilla movie called *Mighty Joe Young*. Dashing down the sidewalk, legs and arms pumping hard, naked except for the mask and his wristwatch, he was really moving. Thinking back, I realize how lucky we were that no one died of a heart attack or dashed out onto the street in front of the traffic. Most of the pedestrians were interested in one thing only—getting out of Doug's way as quickly as possible. Some looked frightened, some amazed. One old man tried to climb a palm tree.

No doubt I would have noticed more such details had the police not taken up the chase at once. Later on we decided that somehow they had got the word and had managed to follow our crowd to Kalakaua. Not 10 seconds after Doug turned out of the alley, they were after him with flashing lights and a wailing siren. Then, as you might guess, Doug really turned it on.



continued



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REMINISCENCE continued

I followed along behind him. I couldn't begin to keep up, but I saw the whole run. Doug sprinted down the sidewalk, scattering pedestrians along the way. "What the hell was that?" I heard a rather distinguished looking gentleman in a white dinner jacket ask his lady friend as I ran by. The police car—two officers were in it—dodged in and out of traffic, trying vainly to overtake Doug. They never had a chance. He ran the whole mile—"That was the deal," he said later—and as he finally made the left turn off Kalamazoo about 200 yards ahead of me, I looked at my watch. I don't know why, but I did. The second hand was sweeping past 55. The minute hand was just touching four minutes after the hour.

A 3:55 mile by a barefoot high school boy in an ape mask? I don't expect that many will believe it, but I think it was entirely possible. As I say, Doug was a sprinter, at his best a 10-flat 100-yard man, so he had the raw speed. He was in excellent shape. We did a lot of running on the beach and played hours of doubles volleyball on sand courts. There was no question about necessary upper body strength. Paddling surfboards and canoes took care of that. We did a lot of spearfishing, too, and staying under water a minute or more a few thousand times a year surely must have been beneficial to the lungs.

But the main reason I think it's possible that Doug actually did what we thought he did was that his flow of adrenaline must have been sky-high. We've all heard stories of women—as often as not, frail and unathletic women—who, when the situation absolutely demanded it, managed to lift cars weighing thousands of pounds to free trapped infants. Adrenaline is an extremely powerful hormone, and what with the crowds and the cops, Doug surely generated more than his share of it that night.

Doug, he was stiff and sore for days. We measured the distance in three different cars. True, they were all at least 10 years old, but the odometer on each indicated the course was a fraction more than a mile. We checked my watch, and though it was a cheap one, it was accurate to the second.

Whether it was a sub-four-minute mile or not, it was certainly a run worth watching, and Doug was satisfied with the results. He made more than \$100, had his car repaired and kept his amateur status, too.

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 5-11

Compiled by BROOKS CLARK

PRO BASKETBALL—With a 105-103 home-out victory, Philadelphia sent its headliner, NBA champion, to Los Angeles at two victories apiece (page 26).

BOKING—MARVIN FRAZIER of Philadelphia won a three-round decision from Chris McDonald of Trenton, R.I., in the heavyweight title fight at the National A.A.U. Championships in Las Vegas. The other winners: JEFF LAMPHIN of Youngstown, Ohio, 178 pounds; MARTIN FURBER of Titus, Mich., 165; DON BOWERS of Jackson, Tenn., 156; GENE HATCHER of Fort Worth, 147; JEREMY BURNHILL of Nashville, 138; MELVIN PAUL of New Orleans, 132; CLIFFORD GRAY of Boynton Beach, Fla., 125; JACKIE BEARD of Jackson, Tenn., 119; RICHARD SANDOVAL of Pomona, Calif., 112; and ROBERT SARANNO of Edmonds, Wash., 106.

MATTHEW SAAD MUHAMMAD retained his W.R. light-heavyweight crown by stopping Louis Pergiat in the fifth round in Rialto, New Jersey.

GOLF—TOM WATSON shot a six-under-par 274 to win the \$100,000 Byron Nelson Classic in Dallas by one stroke over Bill Rogers. The win was his fifth on the 1980 tour, it was also the third tournament in a row in which Watson led or was tied for the lead after every round.

PAM HIGGINS shot a 54-hole total of 208, 11 under par, to win the \$100,000 Atlanta LPGA tournament by three strokes over Amy Alcott and Donna Caputo Young.

HARNESS RACING—DIRECT SCOOTER (52), Warren Cameron in the sulks, defeated Melvin's Stride by 1 1/2 lengths to win the \$100,000 National Futurity Derby at Roosevelt Raceway. The 4-year-old was timed at 1:57 1/2 for the mile.

HOCKEY—After 41 postseason games, the field for the Stanley Cup was narrowed to Philadelphia and the Islanders. The Flyers, up two games to one at the week's end, defeated Montreal 3-1 in Left Wing Ball. The second round and Game Phil More had 30 saves. That victory was More's third in a row since he had stopped Pete Peters in the second game of the series. Pretty close was in fourth straight game, the series clincher, 7-3 with Barber getting two assist goals to bring his total at the five games with the North Stars to nine. That tied the NHL single-series record set by Peter Righi

With Reggie Leach in 1976. The Islanders won their semifinal with Buffalo four games to two, but without a score. Down 3-0 in the series, the Sabres, led by Center Gif Perna's high track, scored in many goals (six) in the final two periods of Game 4 as they had in the first three games combined as winning 7-4. After winning once again (2-0) on Center Bob Sney's shot, Buffalo went ahead 2-0 in the first period of Game 6 before the Islanders pulled to a 5-3 victory.

HORSE RACING—RAY'S WORD (51) ridden by Richard Deffen, defeated Mugby Reuben by a nose in the \$154,800 Horses De by at Sportsman's Park. The three-year-old colt covered the 1 1/4 miles in 1:57.

MOTOR SPORTS—JOHNNE RUTHERFORD driving his Chevrolet at an average 197.256 mph through four qualifying laps at the 375-mile Indianapolis Motor Speedway, won the pole position for the May 25 Indianapolis 500 (page 26).

RICHARD PETTY, averaging 89.471 mph in a Chevrolet, won the Motor City 420 at the 386-mile Nashville International Raceway. He finished one length ahead of Benny Parsons, who also drove a Chevy.

RAIL WALKING—CARL SCHUELLER of Silver Spring, Md., won the 50-kilometer U.S. Olympic Trial on May 4, with a clocking of 2:59:32.2, becoming the first American to cover the distance in less than four hours.

SOCCER—NASL: New York began its week with a 2-0 victory over Dallas in the league opening debut of 66-year-old referee, Wrenneder. The Cosmos, who lead the National Conference Soccer Division with a 4-2 record, then defeated Toronto 3-1 at Georgia Tech's second game of the season. That goal was the 491st of his career and his 101st in the NASL, which tied the league mark set by Don Mee in 1978. In New York's 4-0 triumph over Memphis at the Meadowlands on Saturday, Meadowlark Komet scored twice, but Chicago kept the crowd waiting as he failed to deliver his 102nd goal. Dallas, going the National Conference Central at 3-2, got a 2-0 win over San Diego 14-3, which leads the American Conference West. Seattle (7-1) the National West leader, stopped Fort Lauderdale's seven-game winning streak with a 4-0 shutout that was George Jack Brand's seventh in eight games. The Strikers (7-1) remained atop the American East ahead of Tampa Bay (5-3) and New England (4-3), which was six fourth as a row. 1-0 With Kevin Welch scoring the winning goal in a shut-

out, Chicago 10-11, paced the American Central, with only 2-1 in a shutout at Atlanta, and a home against California as Karl-Heinz Granitz scored twice.

ASL—The first of two Pennsylvania lines came against New York 1-0 on a goal by United's Fernando Clavio in the 50th minute of play. Goals: Janet Candi got his second consecutive victory. The other Senators defeat was at Columbus, 2-1, as Steve Newman hit the game-winner in his first game with the team. The Majors, 14-1-1 in two stand-ups at the National Conference. Majors fell to Columbus 2-1 on goals by Tom Rodland and Ramon Morillo, and 1-0 to Sacramento 1-0 4-2-1 which leads the American Conference. Majors stepped up to West Coast trip with a 4-1 win in Golden Gate.

TENNIS—VITAS GERULAITIS defeated John McEnroe 2-6, 6-2, 6-0 to win the \$500,000 Tournament of Champions and three U.S. N.Y.

CHRIS EVERETT LLOYD defeated Virginia Ruzici 5-7, 6-2, 6-3 to win the \$100,000 Italian Open in Perugia. The tournament was played in three months.

ARGENTINA defeated Italy 3-0 to win the \$250,000 Nations Cup tournament in Düsseldorf, Germany. The U.S. was eliminated in the semis by Italy.

TRACK & FIELD—WLADYSLAW KUTKIEWICZ of Poland set a world record in the 1500-meter race by running 3:59.47, an outdoor record in Milan. His mark was passed by an inch the record set by Dave Roberts of the U.S. in 1976.

MILITARY—FINED AND SUSPENDED: By the National League, Pittsburgh Pirates Third Baseman BILL MADLOCK, \$5,000 and for 15 days for hitting L. L. Pine Gentry Crawford with his glove during a clubhouse on May 1. Madlock will continue to play while he appeals the ruling.

DIED—JOHN HEAD, 64, former women's basketball coach at Northfield Benedict College, in Nashville, His career with national A.A.U. titles in 1938, 1940 and '42 through 1959. Head was also the coach of U.S. teams that won world women's titles in Santiago, Chile in 1953 and in Rio de Janeiro in 1957.

CREDITS

4—(Lyle) Foster 20.35—Marty Miller 22.35—Rick Clarkson 26—Peter Paul Miller 28—George Tiedeman 28—George Tiedeman 28—George Tiedeman 28—Thomas Rumpy 28—George Tiedeman 28—Peter Paul Miller 21 29—Peter Paul Miller 200 Shelly Karp-Black Star 30—Grady Karp-Black Star 30—John Tarrant Turner

FACES IN THE CROWD



GAIL SCHIER
LEONARDTOWN, Md.
Gail, a senior at Leonardtown High, established a girls' state indoor high-jump record of 5' 6" at the state championships at Towson. A 5' 11" center, she also led her school to the Southern Maryland Conference girls' basketball title.



SCOTT BRADLEY
CHARLOTTE, N.C.
Scott, a sophomore third baseman at North Carolina, hit safely in 30 consecutive games to set a single-season ACC record. He is hitting at a .280 clip, with 10 homers and 67 RBIs and is the conference's Player of the Year.



KAREN STANLEY
CLAREMONT, Calif.
Karen, an 18-year-old forward, paced the Claremont Pelicans to a 12-0 record and the American Youth Soccer Organization Southern California title. She scored 10 play-off goals, including all four in a 4-3 championship-game win.



RON ELLIOTT
BATES, Pa.
Cresman, a 46-year-old owner of a propane-gas business, and Elliott, a 36-year-old truck mechanic, defeated 12 other pairs to win the National Team Darts Championship in Las Vegas. Representing the Middle Atlantic region, Cresman and Elliott, who trained at the Iron Kettle bar in Bates and the Black Tavern in Quakertown, beat the top-seeded team of Andy Green and Jody Simpkins, the Southern California representatives, three legs (or matches) to two in the final round of "501" competition.



CHARLES CRESMAN
QUAKERTOWN, Pa.
Cresman, a 46-year-old owner of a propane-gas business, and Elliott, a 36-year-old truck mechanic, defeated 12 other pairs to win the National Team Darts Championship in Las Vegas. Representing the Middle Atlantic region, Cresman and Elliott, who trained at the Iron Kettle bar in Bates and the Black Tavern in Quakertown, beat the top-seeded team of Andy Green and Jody Simpkins, the Southern California representatives, three legs (or matches) to two in the final round of "501" competition.



HARLEY MAYNARD
ROCKVILLE, Md.
Maynard, 28, an arm-wrecker, won the lightweight (151-165 pounds) title at the National Stand-Up Championships in Rockville, Md. He defeated six opponents, including Harvey Frank of Newport News, Va. in the finals.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

OUR PLANET

Sir:

Jerry Kirshenbaum has outdone himself! His "state of the earth" article (*Whither the Earth?* May 5) was one of the best pieces to appear in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in the 13 years that I've been reading it. And to think that I've always thought Kirshenbaum's forte was writing about swimming.

ROBERT GRABY

Legislative Assistant to

Congresswoman Millicent Fenwick (N.J.)

for Energy and the Environment

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

As a student of sociology and anthropology, I am aware of the suicidal course on which industrial man has set himself. Jerry Kirshenbaum is very perceptive in his analysis of our society's dependency on limited, non-renewable natural resources, and he was also right in noting the blind faith of some people that technological advances will bail us out.

Kirshenbaum's essay only begins to explore the course of action necessary if mankind is to survive. A total shift in our economic system may be in order.

RICK ECKSTEIN

Mareita, Ohio

Sir:

Jerry Kirshenbaum's article on the environment was a succinct, excellent piece of reporting on a subject that will certainly become the most important long-term issue of our time. The only shortcoming of the article was that after stating that the global population explosion is, in the words of William Ruckelshaus, "the single most overriding cause of environmental stress in the world," Kirshenbaum did not expound further on that subject.

In my own view, all attempts to first stabilize and then improve the environment will ultimately fail unless the population problem is solved first. We must quickly take strict, mandatory birth-control measures on a worldwide basis or nature herself will do the job on a much more savage level.

MICHAEL SIEBMAN

Reading, Mass.

Sir:

You're absolutely right about the dangers of nuclear power. I propose we shut down every plant in the U.S. And because I hate to see people get hurt or killed, I also propose that we ban air travel, automobile travel and cigarettes.

I realize nobody was killed or even injured at Three Mile Island, but the fact that one or

two of the thousands of people who live in the vicinity might develop cancer in 10 or 20 years is just too much for my conscience to bear. I'm also in favor of banning sports such as boxing, football, basketball and baseball because some young people are killed or injured while participating in them each year.

No doubt you'd argue that the benefits derived from sport more than compensate for the relatively few participants who are injured. I suggest that this point of view is nothing but propaganda, perpetuated by magazines such as yours for the sole purpose of financial gain.

JAMES P. MOONEY JR.

Glenham, N.Y.

YOSEMITE'S PLAN

Sir:

I was somewhat dismayed to read Michael Baughman's *VIEWPOINT* (April 14) on efforts to enhance the environment of Yosemite National Park by reducing automobile use and relocating some buildings. I concede that the current revised master plan for Yosemite is better than nothing. But I will not go so far as to say, as Baughman did, "I hope that Yosemite's effort will inspire similar plans elsewhere."

When the revised plan is compared to its original draft, or—especially—to other proposals for improving Yosemite, it appears somewhat less than innovative or environmentally sound. As for public input, the current plan seems to follow rather closely the input of the Yosemite Park and Curry Co., the major park concessionaire.

Baughman says, "I've always wanted to return to Yahi country, now another trip to Yosemite has strong appeal, too." Alas, he may find that little has changed in Yosemite.

KERRY DRAGER

Sacramento

TEKE

Sir:

Thank you for the article on Kent Tekulve (*Here It Comes, Special Delivery*, May 5). I read the story about the side-armed while listening to a Pittsburgh-Montreal game in which Teku was on the mound, shutting down a 10th-inning rally by the Expos. T-rific!

JAN HANES

Harborcreek, Pa.

Sir:

So Kent Tekulve thinks he has lost his identity with his No. 27 and TEKE-27 license plates? What about poor Mrs. 27?

BILL PAGE

Chicago

Sir:

Since reading Bob Ottum's article about

Pittsburgh's ace reliever, Kent Tekulve, I have started eating two Mrs. Smith's frozen chicken pot pies every day for dinner. Please inform Ruly Carpenter and Dallas Green that I'm ready to join the Phillies' pitching staff.

BRUCE E. GUTTMAN

Philadelphia

CRUZ FARE

Sir:

In his article about the many Cruzes in professional baseball, Steve Wolf mentions that Cirilo (Tommy) Cruz plays for the Nippon Ham Fighters in Japan, and later he poses the question: What is a Ham Fighter? The answer is that Ham Fighters are neither two hands slugging it out, nor bullies who beat up on the butcher's best. Nippon Ham is a company that owns a team known as the Fighters. Luckily for us, the Japanese are too courteous to ask facetiously: What's a Bay Packer, somebody who packages the Cheapeake? What's a Diego Padre? What's a Fore-e! Deacon? What's a Dame Irish? Wolf should eat crow, or at least a Rice Owl.

H.L.P. GYLLY

Seaford, Del.

ADJECTIVES

Sir:

For years I have enjoyed the writing of *SI*'s witty and perceptive Dan Jenkins. His article on the Legends of Golf (*Where Life Begins at 50*, May 5) exemplifies Jenkins' unique and humorous style, not to mention the single largest collection of adjectives ever found in a weekly sports magazine.

CARROLL PAUL

Oklahoma City

Sir:

Do you suppose that Dan Jenkins really knows how great a writer he is?

JERRY B. STICKLING

Houston

Sir:

Dan Jenkins, comma, is not, nor will he ever be, a king of sportswriters.

Dan Jenkins, comma, is not, nor will he ever be, a legend, period.

King and Legend Arnold Palmer, no comma, shot a blazing 64 the following week on the last day of the Houston Open!

RAY HEIST

Wayland, Mass.

DRAWING CARDS

Sir:

Although I am a firm believer that winning is the key to filling the stands, I must commend Ray Kennedy on his outstanding piece on why people actually attend pro sporting events (*More Fans, More Fun? Wrong*, April 28). Outstanding to a point, that is, I

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

am aghast at his statement. "Curiously, the young adults who will continue to invade the stands on increasing numbers might just as well be watching a cricket match; they are perhaps the least knowledgeable fans ever." One of today's premier sportswriters should know better than to propound such a generalization.

Perhaps it is true that the media—especially television—have prompted many young adults to take a more nonchalant approach to sports than their parents did, but I for one have been an avid fan since the age of four. I have attended virtually every Buffalo Bills game since 1973. If that's not loyalty, I don't know what is.

TOM MISSER
East Aurora, N.Y.

Sir,

I wonder what the people at Pacific Select Corp. would think of the attendance of the four major pro teams in the Detroit area over last season. How can teams with such horrendous records pick the fans in the way they do?

ALLAN F. KRYNICKI
Troy, Mich.

Sir,

I wish to inform Ray Kennedy and Matthew Levine that Miami did have a franchise in WTT—the 1974 Florida Flamingos. Despite Levine's contention that Miami is one of the three best tennis markets, having been general manager of the Flamingos, I must sadly report that the team lost \$450,000 in its first and only year of operation.

ROBERT S. SHAPIRO
Miami Beach, Fla.

RIDING FOR A RETURN

Sir,

Kenneth Rodese pointed out in his article (VIEWPOINT, May 5) how helpful bicycle riding has been in improving his skiing. I'm with him, because my tennis game improved greatly when I began training—albeit not very aggressively—for the 1979 Stowe, Vt. bike race, a 43-mile hell-on-wheels event, passing through scenic Smugglers Notch and along the highways of north-central Vermont. I thought my biggest satisfaction from the race would be merely finishing. Only later did I realize my real reward came on the tennis court. My opponents quickly became demoralized when their attempts to "run" me out of matches, by hitting to the far corners of the court, were thwarted by my newfound stamina.

This year I look forward to the bike race with twofold anticipation. I hope to improve upon my fourth- or fifth-place (from the bottom) finish and, more important, to enhance my record on the tennis court.

STEVE FALST
Montpelier, Vt.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020

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